

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOL. XVI. No. 8 }
WHOLE No. 399 }

DECEMBER 2, 1916

{ \$3.00 A YEAR
{ PRICE, 10 CENTS

Chronicle

The War.—The week has been unproductive of results except in Macedonia and Rumania. In the former place the Allies have continued their advance in the vicinity of Monastir. On the west bank of Lake Presba the French have occupied Leskovetz; the Italians have taken Nijipole, about five miles west of Monastir; north of this city the Serbians have occupied Kirklina; north-east of Monastir the Serbians have captured Paralovo, not Dobrimir; and still further east the Serbians have crossed the Bella Voda and taken Budimirtsa.

By far the most important event of the week has been the rapid success of the Central Powers in western Rumania. Having marched down the Motru Valley and cut the Orsova-Craiova railroad, they moved south and attacked Craiova from the west; at the same time they advanced along the Jiu River and attacked it from the north. The city was evacuated after a short struggle, and the Rumanians fell back on a front of 100 miles toward the Alt River, a distance of from twenty-five to forty miles. By so doing they abandoned the army at Orsova. This place was soon taken by the opposing army, which crossed into Rumania and captured Turnu-Severin. All of Little Wallachia is now practically in the hands of the Central Powers. The Alt River, it was thought, would offer the Rumanians a strong line of defense for eastern Wallachia; but their opponents are striking hard at this line in the north, they have already forced the Rumanians in the center to retire to the east bank of the river in the vicinity of Dragachani and Slatina, and further south they have succeeded in crossing the river and are pressing on towards Bucharest. At the mouth of the Alt the Central Powers crossed the Danube from Bulgaria at Islacz and Simnitza, and advancing toward Bucharest, have reached Alexandria and Rosiori. Further west the Bulgarians have seized islands in the Danube near Widin, Lom, Rahova and Gigen.

In Dobrudja the Rumanians and Russians have made practically no progress near the Danube north of Cernavoda; but they have advanced to within fifteen miles of Constantza, having taken Tasaul, Tatarpalas, Gelengio, Bazarlia, Ester and Palasumia, and crossed the Kartal river.

Austria.—Emperor Francis Joseph, who for some time had been suffering from a catarrhal affection, died on the night of November 21, at nine o'clock, at Schoenbrunn Castle, Vienna. He was in his eighty-sixth year. On December 2 he would have celebrated the sixty-eighth anniversary of his accession to the throne. His successor is his grand-nephew, the Archduke Charles.

Death of Francis Joseph

The deceased Emperor was born in Vienna, August 18, 1830, the eldest son of Archduke Francis and a nephew of Ferdinand I, Emperor from 1835 to 1848. As a child he was taught to speak the many languages of his polyglot Empire and Monarchy. In 1848 he served under Marshal Radetzky in Italy. On December 2, 1848, Ferdinand abdicated, his brother, the Archduke Francis, gave up his claims to the throne, and Francis Joseph became ruler of a vast territory, a burden which was to grow in weight and responsibility with the succeeding years. Hungary was in revolt, and in 1849 declared itself a republic with Kossuth as President. In Italy Charles Albert of Sardinia took up arms against Austria. Both in Hungary and Italy Austria triumphed and the Emperor devoted himself to the reestablishment of his authority. In 1853 an attempt was made on his life by a Hungarian, but he escaped with a slight wound. Two other attempts followed at different periods, equally unsuccessful. In 1855 a concordat was concluded with Pius IX, which restored to the Catholic Church many of the liberties of which it had been deprived since the reign of the Emperor Joseph. In 1859 Francis Joseph was called to face a war with France and Sardinia. It ended disastrously with the loss of Lombardy. In this campaign the Emperor displayed the greatest gallantry at the battle of Solferino. In 1866 Bismarck forced him into the Seven Weeks' war, the pretext of which was a dispute with Prussia over the succession in Schleswig-Holstein. The Emperor's troops defeated Italy, Prussia's ally, on land and sea, but sustained a crushing defeat by the Prussians at Sadowa or Königgratz in 1866. As a result he was forced to cede Venice to Italy through Napoleon as intermediary. To Prussia he lost the last vestige of the Hapsburg hegemony over the German States and his prestige as head of the Holy

Roman Empire which now became a thing of the past.

The Seven Weeks' War was followed by disaffection at home. The Emperor counterbalanced it in some measure by promulgating a constitution for the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. Under it the Emperor was crowned King of Hungary in 1867. In 1878 the Congress of Berlin gave Austria the former Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina under certain restrictions. In 1908 the two provinces were annexed to Austria. On June 28, 1914, as the outcome of a Serbian plot, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the Emperor's nephew and his appointed heir, was assassinated at Sarajevo. Austria declared itself dissatisfied with Serbia's explanations and apologies, and on July 28 declared war.

In spite of his faults, Francis Joseph was one of the simplest, most industrious and shrewdest monarchs in Europe. If for so many years the Austrian Empire has held together, it is undoubtedly due to his magnetism and strong personality. The Austrian system had many enemies, Francis Joseph had none. He had been sorely tried. His wife, the Empress Elizabeth, was assassinated by an anarchist in Geneva in 1898; their only son, the Archduke Rudolph, either committed suicide or was murdered in 1899 at the hunting lodge of Meyerling. The Emperor's brother, Maximilian, was shot by orders of Benito Juarez after the successful revolution against him as Emperor of Mexico. Other tragedies of almost equal gloom and horror crowded upon him. He bore them all with wonderful faith, resignation and dignity.

The successor of Francis Joseph, the Archduke Charles Francis, was born on August 17, 1887. He is the son of Archduke Otto, the younger brother of the victim of Sarajevo. His wife is the Princess Zita of the Bourbon House of Parma.

On his accession the new Emperor issued a proclamation declaring that it is his decision to maintain the war until "a peace assuring the existence and development of the Monarchy" can be secured. He has formally confirmed Prime Minister Koerber, Baron Burian, the Foreign Minister, and General Ritter von Kroat, Minister of War, in their posts. The new Emperor is already known as an efficient and resourceful commander, is said to be a man of strong character, of simple and democratic tastes. The Empress Zita is distinguished for her varied accomplishments. Both are practical and devout Catholics.

Belgium.—The following telegram, widely reproduced in the press, has been sent from Havre by the Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Beyens, to the Belgian Minister at Rome and Madrid, to

A Protest be communicated to his Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, and King Alfonso of Spain.

The situation in Belgium is becoming day by day more frightful. The raids on able-bodied Belgians now extend throughout

the whole country. If they are not sent to work in Germany in munitions factories they are sent to the occupied parts of France to work on systems of trenches and the strategic railways of Lille, Aulnay, and Givet. The Germans boast of having already deported 350,000 men. Requisitions of materials continue, with the object of hindering after peace a resumption of work, to suppress competition, and ruin the country. Machines which could be used have been carried off or sold as old iron. The Governor-General pretends, in declarations made to a reporter of the *New York Times*, that deportations in mass pass without incident, and even that the Belgians go joyfully. In reality they suffer at the same time moral torture and the physical pains of slavery. The German Government tries to excuse itself by the necessity of combating the unemployment which they themselves created by forbidding the communes to employ unemployed without their authorization and by preventing them, as in Luxemburg, from being used for public works or in exploiting the coal fields of Limburg. Belgium is delivered over to the violence of the military authorities, while the civil authorities approve and stand aside.

The Belgian Minister concludes his telegram by asking the Belgian representatives at Rome and Madrid to insist strongly that the Governments to which they are accredited "invite the German Government to reflect on the consequences of the treason to humanity committed in its name."

France.—M. Albert Claveille, formerly Under Secretary of Munitions, assumed office a few days ago as Director General of Transports and "Ravitaillement,"

*The New
"Dictator"*

with supervisory powers over all matters connected with traffic by rail or water. A few hours after his appointment he had already taken hold of his office with the greatest energy, had summoned the general managers of railway lines and outlined to them a comprehensive scheme of government-control. The new "Dictator" as he is popularly called, although the first French official to take orders from more than one department and under the control in some respects of the three Ministries of War, Navy and Public Works, is given a large measure of initiative. It will be his duty to give greater impulse to measures already taken or to be taken by the Ministries to relieve the congestion of railways and water traffic and also to supervise the execution of decrees dealing with transportation.

M. Claveille is neither a member of Parliament, nor a graduate of the Ecole Polytechnique. Despite the latter fact, he is probably without a superior in the country, as an engineer of roads and bridges. He has built one of the largest hydraulic power-plants in France and was director of the staff of the Ministry of Public Works when the Government bought the Western Railroad and made him the general manager. Since the outbreak of hostilities, he has been directing production of artillery in cooperation with M. Albert Thomas, the Minister of Munitions. He is a man of great energy and decision of character and his appointment as "Dictator" of Transports has given general satisfaction.

Germany.—On November 21 the restoration of the Polish Kingdom was debated in Parliament with the result that a motion of the Conservative, Independent-

The Polish Problem

Conservative and National Liberal members, requesting guarantees that no portion of Prussian Poland would be incorporated in the future Kingdom of Poland, was adopted by a vote of 180 to 104. The Center, the Poles, the Progressives and the Socialists voted in the minority. In answer to an interpellation Count von Loebell, Minister of the Interior, said:

The Government takes its part of the responsibility for this step of world historical importance in the confident expectation it will be to the advantage of the German Empire by closely connecting the Polish State with the German Empire, and with the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. We hope the German Empire's safety will forever be secured against the East. It is unnecessary to say that every inch of ground in the eastern frontier districts of Prussia is sacred and inalienable. No Prussian can think otherwise. The Government confidently expects that Prussian Poles, without prejudice to the Polish national feeling, will live more and more up to their duties as Prussian citizens.

Proceeding, the Minister of the Interior promised more satisfactory conditions for the Poles, after the war. He was followed by a Polish member, Shyczynski, who declared:

The manifesto of the Emperor fills us with satisfaction because it acknowledges in principle the right of Poland to be an independent State. But there still is much apprehension that only a portion of the Polish people will have national freedom, and that only nominally. There is fear that, according to the wishes of those submitting the motion, so many restrictions will be imposed upon the Poles in military, economic and political affairs that their independence will be only a pretense.

The Socialist, Herr Stoebel, was even more outspoken, as follows:

We also are for liberation of the Poles, but for their self-liberation without foreign assistance. It is desired to hold the Poles firmly in hand. Such liberation means nothing but annexation. The Poles fear the new State will fill gaps in our army.

Von Loebell refused to meet the point raised, contenting himself with the comment that he would degrade himself by answering such a speech.

As yet it is impossible to tell what is the attitude of the Russian Poles towards their new Kingdom.

Great Britain.—Like the lower schools, but to a more marked degree, the universities reflect the change in English public life. Cambridge, for instance, although the activities of the University have by no means been discontinued, presents many aspects of a military training school. The council of the Senate recently excused from the classic "Little-go" those students who have been engaged for not less than six months in some service connected with the war. About 12,500 Cambridge men are in military service, the percentage being almost the same as that of Oxford. Of this number, 1,263 have lost their lives, 1,730 have been wounded, and 130 are reported

missing. The list of resident members at Cambridge catalogues only 152 freshmen, as compared with 1,171 in 1913-1914, the last normal year, and many of these students are either from foreign countries, or from parts of the Empire where the military requirements are not rigid. At Oxford, the diminution is even more marked. Including thirty Rhodes scholars, most of whom are Americans, there are fewer than 150 freshmen. Some of the colleges have only one freshman, while Queens has none. A similar decrease is noted in the Catholic schools. It is to be hoped that material will be gathered for the future historian, by the preparation of a complete catalogue of Catholic alumni who have given their lives for their country. Partial lists have been published from time to time, which should be carefully tabulated.

Ireland.—The failure of the potato crop, as already announced in America, is causing increasing alarm; some maintain the country is facing a severe famine. Potatoes are now selling for \$5.00 a barrel, the poor are out of work and have no money, and the food shortage in England threatens to draw off a large percentage of the Irish supply. At such a time the lack of a national Home Rule Government, fully alive to the needs of the Irish people, is keenly felt. For there is no Irish Government in the country to regulate and control distribution and prices and to prevent export, in the interest of the suffering Irish poor. If an export of potatoes follows that of meat and grain to England, the conditions will become intolerable. To the question: What must be done to remedy the situation, one paper, the *Donegal Vindicator*, quoted by *Ireland*, makes the following suggestion:

The Famine Specter

The crisis has found Ireland as unprepared as the war found Great Britain. The potato famine is upon us and so also are the exporters. In the famine years there was plenty of food to support the people, but it was exported. Let not the mistake occur again. The farmer who sells his potatoes for export to-day must be restrained by his more sensible neighbors. There is a food crisis and it can only be prevented by prompt action. If necessary, vigilance committees for the preservation of the people's food must be organized at once, and the stern coercion of the unpatriotic taken in hand. In time of war, little heed will be paid to a starving Ireland.

Mr. Runciman has announced that measures equivalent to a food dictatorship will be taken. If such a course is followed, the first thing to be done is to find speedy and effective means to save the Irish people from the terrible calamity which threatens them.

Mexico.—After a session of twelve weeks the Joint Commission on Mexican-American affairs has come to a conclusion on one point, the border difficulties. The protocol which has been sent to Carranza for approval is substantially as follows. The American troops are to be withdrawn from Mexico within forty days after the

Universities in War Time

The Protocol

approval of the agreement, in such a manner that the Carranzistas will be enabled to occupy the evacuated territory. Should northern Chihuahua become unduly turbulent, before the retirement of General Pershing, the American troops, alone or in conjunction with the Mexican forces, may disperse the marauders. The time taken to accomplish this is not to be counted in the forty days set for the withdrawal. General Pershing is to have full control of the plan for the retirement of his troops, with permission to use the railroad to Juarez, if necessary. The Mexican commander is to control the plan for the occupation of the evacuated territory. The scheme for the control of the border by a joint military force was rejected; so too, was the proposal about a border zone to be patrolled by Mexican and American soldiers. However, the commanders on both sides of the international boundary may enter into an agreement for cooperation against bandits. And though each nation is to care for its own side of the border, yet the United States Government reserves the right to pursue Mexican marauders across the line, so long as conditions in northern Mexico remain abnormal. When this protocol was signed, negotiations were suspended till December 8, pending Carranza's acceptance of the document. Should he refuse to acquiesce in the findings, the Joint Commission will be dissolved automatically, unless the President of the United States changes his mind. Should Carranza accept the protocol the Commission will proceed to the consideration of certain international problems of Mexico, where according to the statement issued, "typhus is making headway and death by starvation is common." Before leaving Atlantic City Secretary Lane made a significant statement to the effect that

The miseries of Mexico must be assuaged. Her poor, naked, starving, dying peons call out for help. They do not wish constant war, and only one per cent of her people are actually in the war, but all are suffering. We cannot maintain our self-respect or be true to the highest dictates of humanity and see these people suffer as they do because of the chaos that has come from civil war.

Thus after November 7, 1916, "lies," "exaggerations," "incredible reports trumped up for partisan purposes," suddenly became facts. A few more sessions of the Joint Commission may convert more lies into sober truth, without a change in Mexico.

If press dispatches are to be given credence, the long expected attempt to set up a national church in Mexico is about to be made. There is much nonsense in the

Religious Conditions

account wired to the United States, but the main fact that "an effort will be made to establish a church purely national, that will not be subordinate to the hierarchy (sic) at Rome," is most probably true. Meantime persecutions still continue with unabated vigor, as is clear from these abstracts from a letter written in Mexico City:

Friends write from Leon, Guanajuato, that not a single church there is open for worship. We seem to be

moving the same way in the capital. St. Teresa's was closed recently. On October 2 Corpus Christi suffered the same fate, likewise San Juan de Dios, on October 5. The Carranzistas forced their way into this church, and hardly had they entered when they closed the doors, refusing admission to the priests. Finally they allowed one Father to enter and carry off the Blessed Sacrament. He was placed under a guard of soldiers, however, and ordered to bring back the ciborium. Meantime soldiers tore the silver ex-votos from the statue of St. Anthony and divided them amongst themselves. I am informed that Santa Catalina has also been closed, and it is commonly said that Jesus-Maria and San Hipolito are to be shut tomorrow, while San Felipe de Jesus will, according to present plans, be turned into a mausoleum for Madero. . . . The persecution grows more violent each day. Indeed, if the Carranzistas have their way but few churches will be available for worship. . . . At present, however, they are beset by enemies on all sides. The Zapatistas have been most active of late, and Puebla and Pachuca are menaced. Assaults in the streets are of daily occurrence, so, too, are theft and burglary. The police are quite indifferent; but then we are to have a *Constitucion y Reformas*. In view of this it will be interesting to note the attitude of our Government towards the promised religious liberty.

Russia.—On November 25 the news came from Petrograd that Alexander Trepoff, Minister of Ways and Communications, had succeeded M. Stürmer as

The New Premier

Premier, the latter becoming Grand Chamberlain of the Imperial Court and retaining his place in the Council of the Empire. M. Trepoff's appointment is regarded as a triumph of the Duma over the Cabinet, and as a successful protest of the Russian people against high officials who were reported to be favoring a separate peace with Germany. According to the *Retch*, a Liberal paper, M. Stürmer's resignation clearly establishes, for the first time in Russia's constitutional history, the power of the Duma between the Government and the majority. The *Retch* explains:

The Duma has accomplished its first object, but it does not necessarily follow that the rest of the program will be executed. The changes in the Cabinet desired by the majority in the Duma have not been fully carried out. Only the chief figure has been put aside. Further changes must follow, the most important of which is the dismissal of the Minister of the Interior, and the appointment of a proper person as Foreign Minister.

The new Premier is hailed as a "progressive and reformer." When Under-Secretary of the Chancellery in 1895 he brought about an improvement in the relations between landowners and tenants, and ten years later he promoted several reforms granted by the new Constitution. In 1914 M. Trepoff became a member of the Imperial Council and has discharged efficiently the duties of the Minister of Ways and Communications. The separate-peace movement with which M. Stürmer was suspected of being in sympathy, was declared by Czar Nicholas on November 16 to be non-existent. "Russia," he declared, "will maintain intact the intimate union which binds her to her valiant allies, and, will fight by their side the common enemy."

Mr. Sunday and the Unitarians

MARTHA MOORE AVERY

SOME weeks ago a Boston paper gravely cautioned Mr. Sunday not to attack the Unitarians. The paternal editorial was indeed more than a caution. It listed well over into a threat of untoward things, should the good neighbors and honest trustees of our community receive the hell-fire treatment generally accorded by this most strenuous evangelist to those who never look back to whence they came, so engaged are they going onward and upward forever, with never a hope of getting there. Returning to the persuasive, the *Herald* felt that if Mr. Sunday were to put his feet "under the mahogany" with these genial and up-to-date theologians his antipathy would be put to flight and his dogmatism to the blush.

The hint was taken, and forthwith upon his arrival in Boston, to drive the devil out, Mr. Sunday was invited to express his mind freely, behind closed doors, to his Unitarian hosts, gentlemen who have inherited from Channing, Emerson, James Freeman Clarke and Theodore Parker a rapidly declining knowledge of Christian doctrine, a dwindling measure of Christian belief, together with a steadily increasing confidence in human ignorance and a positive conviction of the irrational origin of man. A secret meeting would not do. Why should a man with more truth run to cover from men of less truth? The doors must be open to the press or Mr. Sunday would not accept.

As Unitarians regard their theology as gravely as Don Quixote did the windmills, something more than moral courage beating high, and plenty of language bursting loud, is wanted to topple over the Unitarians' complacent reliance upon what is not so. "Billy" is a good fellow "they say." He came, but he could not conquer. He cannot conquer because he does not see the Protestant mote in his own eye, and so he has not light enough to reason out the cause of the Pantheistic beam in his brother's eye. Happily, he half sees that he does not see, for when he means to strike hard, Mr. Sunday hits all alike with a Catholic club. Of course, it takes truth, whole and entire, to cure the mind so sick with private judgment that it clings desperately to a "teeny-weeny" bit of truth. Full-orbed truth, with its "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not" as the foundation of human affairs comes direct from God. No human theories will do, only the dogmas of Christ are sufficient. No human pronouncements about the origin and the nature of man is complete, but God's word that He created man in His own image and likeness is satisfying. It is the living voice of Christ's Vicar on earth that speaks without a shadow of error, to every man under heaven. More-over each and every man is morally and intellectually

bound to listen, for we are all under the law. As neither Mr. Sunday nor the Unitarians are commissioned by God to speak, why should they follow him? or why should he follow them? Indeed, why should anybody follow them or him?

Consequently, whenever and wherever Mr. Sunday or the Unitarians speak in perfect accord with the law of Christ, it is, perforce, a Catholic doctrine that is uttered. One may be sure that the form of speech will vary greatly. For good taste has long since been the high-water criterion with those whose toleration is so wide that the difference between "Christians, fore-Christians, after-Christians and Jews" has been wiped out with the sponge of pseudo-science. On the other hand it would seem that bad taste is the guiding star of the evangelist who fights the devil with language most befitting the presence of his satanic majesty. Unitarianism, possessing but a feeble, a super-placid stream of life, has no passion and no occasion to flow hot or to flow cold, while Billy with super-abundance of energy goes wild with red-hot shot.

Indeed the confession at the recent Unitarian dinner at Hotel Somerset that "many a parish is on its last legs" met with no denial. Even these "last legs" are not all their very own, for it was confided to all by the Pastor of Second Church that the Unitarians "are the most parasitic denomination in the country," and no man stood up to murmur dissent. This was rubbed in and polished off with "three-fourths of our new ministers come to us unprepared." Having found their way out of "orthodoxy," in middle life, they preach sermons on "Why I Became a Unitarian," though I may be permitted to suggest that "Negation Plus Negation" were a more fitting text.

It is too bad Mr. Sunday did not tell them to their face that from his heart and soul he believes Unitarians are in danger of damnation, as he has done in other cities. Possibly it would have scratched through the tough skin of culture for culture's sake. Suppose he had thrown this bomb into the midst of the gathering: "The priests have said High Mass over the strikingly rotten mess of Unitarianism. Why? Because they have been loyal to the doctrine of God and Christ. I have not found one that disbelieves in God or Christ. I have got to go to the Protestants to find that lot of mutts." Probably the after discussion would have been rather more *fortissimo* and less *crescendo* than it was. As Mr. Sunday does not believe in any of the Unitarian ancestors, monkeys, amoebas or protoplasm, "his theology doesn't sound like the theology of professional theologians," for the masterful reason that

it is "three or four hundred years old." Really, it is shockingly "antique"; so behind the times that is "exceedingly discreditable." Indeed, it sounded "like that of a negro preacher way down South." Perish the thought that theology is as old as Christianity, as old as the Decalogue: such a fantastic notion is more "amusing than impressive" to those who have been liberal for many years. Positively, theology must be quite fresh to be acceptable to those who rely upon New Thought. Antiques are all very well for mere ornamentation. Such the comment on Mr. Sunday's doctrine. But rational thinking seems not a necessity to those who accept a causeless cosmos, without a pucker of the brow, and, without a sense of loss, admire the picture of their ancestors hanging by their tails on prehistoric trees, well, some 1,500,000 years ago.

Of course, sound thought, however old or new, must confess that so far as scientists really know, man is man in whatsoever age or clime, that so far as data are a proof, and rational theory a guide, the age of man is limited by the glacial period. But human thought about human beings is not fixed by the age of man, but rather by the human constitution given by God and the capability of reason, developed by man. Just as strictly as a rational calculation in mathematics is fixed by the law of numbers and man's ability to reckon rightly, so it is with philosophy that is sound. This test would prove that quite up-to-date Unitarians are far behind Billy in views that are correct. He rightly believes that God created man: that Christ is the Saviour of the race: that hell is the punishment of the wicked: that marriage is indissoluble. But as all this is upon his own authority, human authority, he could well

be "received with good-natured amusement." However, be it known that there was at no time and in no sense any spirit of antagonism displayed at the meeting between the Unitarians and Billy. Too bad! but if there are any Protestants orthodox enough to stand this much of Christian doctrine, twentieth-century preachers "shall not think any more of them."

There is a dilemma! Mr. Sunday has the advantage, he was not wanted at the world-center of Unitarianism, where there is little vitality, less unity and no authority to withstand a tremendous onslaught against a brotherhood of man reared upon a utilitarian foundation. For the first time in all its years the want of unity and authority in Unitarianism was voiced. It was forced home that young men are not attracted to a cult in which each is his own authority.

With his splendid energy, Mr. Sunday for the nonce dominates Protestantism in Boston. He is his own authority and his plan of campaign gives unity of action for the time being. To the orthodox sects will go the small harvest garnered by Billy's picturesque slang. The Unitarians will gather not even the gleanings of the evangelist's sowing to store into their empty barns. What can be done? Nothing but to suffer death by slow extinction.

I doubt not, strange though it may seem, that by God's grace the real benefits will come to the Church. For what is Christian comes from Rome and must in time lead back to Rome. Needless to say, Catholic Boston is taking no part in the tabernacle service: to do so would be adding to the fascination of a man who has no commission to preach.

The Lost Towns

HILAIRE BELLOC

IT is three years ago, almost to the day I write, since I first saw Silchester. I went there to recover the Roman road which runs from Silchester to Old Sarum. I had read in the writings of a don at Oxford that the road had disappeared in the neighborhood of Silchester. This was almost enough to convince me that it would stick out of the ground conspicuously like a railway embankment. When I got there I did not find it sticking out so clearly as that, but I found it distinctly enough marked at short intervals from Silchester onwards. All this is by the way; for I am not writing of the Roman road but of Silchester itself.

I desire to convey to those who read this something of what filled my mind when I first saw the place. I am not hopeful that I shall succeed in that transference of emotion from mind to mind. For there is here a big bridge to be built over a wide chasm. In one state of mind Silchester would seem to be nothing but a very

large field with a bit of very old wall around it; in another state of mind it is all Europe.

The scheme of Europe changes exceeding slowly. It changes so slowly that I would rather think of it as a sort of swinging, majestically working forth and back again. Very few of its ancient cities wholly fail. Very few new ones permanently arise. You can go back, back, back in history and see Europe always itself, finding, as at Arles, town under town almost as deep as you can dig a well. But here and there, as though to enhance this permanence, you get desolation. You have it in Silchester. And precisely because that desolation is absolute do you feel more strongly the greatness of the past from which we came and which made us.

For Silchester is but a great field lying open to the sky, with not one fragment left above the stubbles or the plow or the fallow of winter; and round it all about still runs the ruined wall; and outside the wall

the ditch, though silted in for centuries, is deep and sharp still.

I may put it this way: any man coming to Silchester from without would see that he was coming up at the ruin of something. But once past the low boundary of that ruin, past the remaining lower courses of the stone wall there is blank emptiness. Everything has gone.

Outside the wall to the north the amphitheater stood, the place where the games were, the necessary symbol of fellowship in every Roman city. It had an arena fifty yards across. It was a great thing, for Silchester was in its way a great city. How many families it guarded we cannot tell, but converging on this place came at least four of the great roads, perhaps five, and the feast days must have been crowded things. This old theater is now wholly hidden by earth and on one side entirely broken down. It looks, as you come upon it, like a big mound such as are the mounds upon which some of the English castles were built, Oxford, for instance. It is covered with trees, and it is only when you have climbed the ridge so wooded, which wholly covers the ruined stones, and have looked down upon the arena within that the model of the thing strikes you. It gives one, after Nimes, Orange, the Paris ruins, an amazing effect of silence, seeing how full it once was, and for how long, of cheering thousands, and how now it is perfectly abandoned fields.

From here, as, indeed, from every part of the wall and its neighborhood, you look over a grand view. Not that Silchester stands very high, but it was cunningly chosen by the tribe which first made that place its stronghold, for survey. There is here something which you will see repeated in other similar centers, Bavai for instance, Bavai the hub of a whole wheel of roads. Bavai is not deserted today; it is only very much decayed. Yet it suggests the site of Silchester; standing on the flat top of a roll of land that is rather low than high, that is approached by a very slight long slope every way and that none the less commands the countryside every way for miles and miles.

How well one can understand the manner in which the place must have been the goal and object when all these roads were used and when Silchester was the capital of its district. How men must have come up those miles of plumb straight highways and have seen, half a day before they reached it, the roofs, perhaps, at the end of the Empire, the domes, of Calleva. There was a magnificence about the place which its size and sundry things discovered teach us still in spite of that fashion for denying the Roman basis of England; a fashion which, like so much which has sprung from religious fanaticism, warps English history still.

For Silchester when it was alive was only not larger than, or as large as, the Paris of Julian, but it had splendor in its public buildings. The great courthouse was not much shorter than Westminster Hall as we see it today. If we are wise we will believe that the Roman town was always upon this scale.

It is one half a mile as you look from the north wall southward to the southern gate. It is one half a mile as you look eastward from the western wall towards the church and the farmhouse which are the solitary roofs beyond the emptiness of the farther side. You had there, then, something like one third of Roman London; or perhaps more like one quarter, for the outline is not square but irregular. All the great place has utterly disappeared.

I have said that complete desolation of this sort is very rare in Britain. I think that there is only one example of it, which is Wroxeter, under the Wrekin. The towns maintain their continuous life; Lincoln and London and Winchester and Canterbury and York and Manchester and Carlisle and Gloucester and Worcester and Colchester and I know not how many others. But Silchester has gone altogether. How did it go? No one can tell you that. So far as one can make out it decayed and was at last deserted; largely, I should fancy, through the breakdown of the roads. But at any rate it did decay and it was deserted. And when the Middle Ages arose after the enormous gap, with their fairly full records, Calleva of the Atrebatas had gone forever.

Still the question recurs and recurs to me, I write of it again and again, and never have been able so much as to begin to solve it. How did these towns disappear; the two that went in England, the many that disappeared abroad? What happened to Ruscino under the Canigou, big enough to give its name to a whole province? How did Bibracte die? How Alesia? You must not think that they were barbarous strongholds naturally given up when the Romans taught men to build better and in better places. In each of these you may see by its remains that the town was one of the places of the Empire, yet each has altogether gone!

How utterly Hippo has disappeared I have already written in another article. Also, how almost as utterly has Caesarea of Barbary.

Some say that the stone is carted away for local use, and like enough! But what of the foundations? And how is it that you so often find in these lost towns of the Empire nothing but little weak foundations which were obviously nothing more than the supports of huts and ramshackle houses in the last stages of the decline? It is a common thing to discover, whenever a Roman town has disappeared, that the traces left are those of a few very flimsy walls and large gardens about every house. That is, whenever so much evidence remains. What came before that last stage? Why was the magnificence of the place abandoned? Where, and most puzzling of all, did the materials go? They seem in Silchester to have preserved something of their great Town Hall till quite, quite late. Perhaps they had a religious feeling about it; perhaps the fragments were too big and too splendid for the use of marauders. Some of the slabs of the marble that incrustated it have lain there all these hundreds of years, part of it from Purbeck, part of it from the

Pyrenees. They have found some drums of the pillars too, but where is all the rest?

Where, for that matter, is the town that there was about Lugdunum high in the Garonne, and who could steal, or for what purpose, the massive barracks of Lambese? Yet they have gone. Many lessons of mortality have been drawn by men, many emblems, many mysteries of it noted. None as a lesson or an emblem or a mystery is like these few lost towns. Of them, in England, Silchester is the chief marvel, a marvel to any man's hand in reach of every man.

Manners and Morals in the Philippines

JOHN J. THOMPSON

A MARKED change has taken place in the character of the Filipino. His gentleness, the respect of the young for the aged and of all for those in authority were beautiful traits which are fast disappearing. Referring to the "apparent forwardness and boldness" of the English-speaking young men and the unrestrained conduct and manner of the "Americanized" girls, a writer in the *Manila Free Press* sees in these developments only the fruit of a more liberal "Anglo-Saxon system." Yet with all his latitude he feels constrained to issue the warning that liberty may not be turned into license. For many that warning has come too late.

Recently one of the nurses in the Manila General Hospital, which is conducted under Government direction, committed suicide. The papers bitterly attacked the head nurse for excessive discipline. In his answer the director of the hospital, Dr. W. E. Musgrave, completely vindicated the institution and its authorities. The hospital is open to inspection, its rules of discipline are published and no steps are taken to inflict punishment until all the facts of the case have been placed in writing. A complete record is also kept of every case where penalties are imposed. Yet a section of the press maliciously carried on a campaign of defamation against this institution without making any investigation. The halo of martyrdom already cast about previous deeds of suicide has stimulated similar tragedies and within a few months more than twenty suicides or frustrated suicides were registered in the General Hospital. "All but four of these suicides," writes Dr. Musgrave, "were persons under twenty-one years of age, and nearly fifty per cent of them were students." (*Manila Daily Bulletin*.)

Again on another occasion 139 student nurses, urging severity of discipline as the cause, organized a strike in this same institution. They were seventh-grade graduates, boys and girls, from all parts of the Islands. These pupils were being given the splendid opportunity of securing a professional education, and besides were receiving a stipend from the Government, with additional free board, etc. Has any nation ever done more for the people? Yet, see the results!

The Filipino of fifteen years ago was gentle, polite, respectful and submissive to lawful authority. It is pleasant and admirable to meet even now representatives of the former type in the distant barrios withdrawn from the triumphant march of American civilization. More than one American has spoken to me of the sad deterioration which has so rapidly come about in the Filipino character. The late elections for governors, assemblymen and so on, had hardly taken place when from all parts of this section of the country cries of protest arose against the elected candidates. One leading lawyer attached to the Government service expressed surprise that the Filipinos had learned to perpetrate frauds in the short time that they have had the ballot. He was speaking of a place where mayoralty elections were annulled because of the fraud that had been practised.

If the moderate ideas inculcated in the public schools are partly at least accountable for such conditions, what may we expect from the more "advanced and modern" methods of the Government's Philippine University. The really demoralizing instruction given there is sufficiently evident from the following facts contained in a letter to *Manila Free Press*, July 15, 1916:

Last year students were required to study *inter alios* Ibsen, G. Bernard Shaw, Thomas Hardy, and George Meredith; two ephemeral decadents, one sexual pessimist, and the last that splendid but abstruse genius who devoted his intellect to gilding the philosophic pill. Today, my heart is hot within me at the sight of this year's amazing syllabus, a Barmecide mental feast indeed. The student is to make acquaintance with the Buddhist doctrine. Why? To what end? We have ignored and therefore slighted the Christian Faith in our schools, the one and only spiritual plow which has tilled the Malayan mental soil to produce the harvest of Malayan Christians called Filipinos. We insult the Filipino student by inviting him to ignore the Faith of his fathers and to devote his attention to Buddhism. This in passing. I prefer a more serious charge. To put the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini into the list of books required to be studied by the University students is a sin against youth, which is unpardonable. The Filipino is mentally docile, imaginative and sympathetic. He is going to accept Cellini as a hero worthy of imitation, or recognize him as a damnable scamp who has initiated him into a knowledge of vice which he never would otherwise learn.

Protestantism, or rather its offscouring in the Philippines, has produced in Vigan a vile, filthy sheet of the *Menace* type which respectable Americans would not wish to touch even with tongs. The *Menace*, too, finds its way into the Manila Custom House where it is eagerly read and "passed along." The latest arrivals in Vigan, to discredit religion still more, are the Sabbatistas or Seventh Day Adventists. The *predicadores* of this sect, young fellows with scarcely a high school education, and the *predicadores* of the Christian Mission, equally advanced in theology, had quite a vigorous and laughable discussion on the observance of Saturday as the "Lord's Day." I believe the discussion ended by a general appeal to arms. On the following Sunday the allied forces of the Methodist and Christian Mission were to battle in public with the Sabbatistas.

A greater element of evil in this proselyting are the young ladies who have taken up preaching. Most of them, I think, are from the poorest classes. Some have not gone to school at all, or have been through only a few grades; others have finished the seventh grade and then, for lack of support, have taken to preaching. Whereas before they were in utter destitution, their new occupation now enables them to dress like *senoras*. Meantime they make a house-to-house campaign and attack Catholic doctrine. If they have few followers or "converts" they nevertheless leave the black trail of

doubt and indifference behind them. Poverty is offering its victims to Protestantism, and many of them become in time its well-dressed and loquacious *predicadores*.

With this incessant proselyting; with 500,000 children in our public schools growing up, I may say, without any religious training, with the open denial of hell in the Vigan Protestant paper; with the fear of God and of eternal punishment disappearing, need we be surprised if suicide and other vices increase? An appalling indifference is hovering, perhaps surely settling, over the Philippine Islands.

Are Citizens Voters?

JOHN WILTBYE

SINCE the Hayes-Tilden imbroglio of 1876, few elections have passed over our weary heads, without a flare-back of letters to the press from *Veritas*, *Vox Populi* and *Pro Bono Publico*, advocating with tremendous seriousness, the abolition of the electoral college. Confessedly, there is nothing sacrosanct about the present system, nor is it in the least exempt from constitutional amendment. Five amendments have been adopted since 1865, and if our reformers have their way, one need not vie with Methusalem to see the day of a thirtieth or fortieth amendment.

The opinion of these newspaper enthusiasts is that the direct vote for President leads without a stumble, into the promised land of absolutely "above-board" politics. One wonders if they have ever considered the indifferent effects of the "popular vote," in elections to the United States Senate, or the exceedingly serious objection to the direct vote, involving as it would, a Federal board of directors and counters at Washington. Be this as it may, political sentiment has given up many an ancient landmark without a sigh. The modern plea for the abolition of the electoral college would have sounded like revolt to the citizen of an older day, who, however much he might quarrel with the system, never dreamed of forcing a change in the right of the several States to appoint electors "in such manner as the Legislature may direct." So absolute did he deem this right, that, in the language of H. R. Storrs, a New York statesman of the early nineteenth century, the State might delegate the appointment "to a board of bank directors, a turnpike corporation, or a synagogue." True, this constitutional right is subject to abuse; so too, is every constitutional provision. Constitutions are formed by men, to direct the affairs of men; and with the introduction of the human element comes the possibility of malice and error. *Humanum est errare*, were it not already taken for granted, might well be written in the prologue of every such document.

An argument frequently urged in favor of an amendment, delegating the election of the President to a popular vote, rests on the statement, that since the United States is a republic, it would seem necessary, or at least fitting, that the chief ruler be chosen by a majority of the citizens of the republic. Proposed in the glowing language of an orator at a county fair, the argument is not lacking in effectiveness. It labors, however, under a series of misconceptions. The President is not, strictly speaking, a ruler, but an individual in whom, according to the Constitution, "the executive power shall be vested." Nor is it true that a direct election by the people is necessarily demanded by the republican form of government, as it has been understood in its most notable example. Finally, so far as the Constitution is concerned, a voter need not necessarily be a citizen of the United States; nor is a citizen of the United States, by that very fact, a voter.

It is well to recall that, in the opinion of eminent commentators, the voting franchise is not a right attached to citizenship, or to any political function. In Cooley's words, it is "a privilege rather than a right. . . to be granted or denied . . . on grounds of general policy," not by the Federal Government which, as the Supreme Court has affirmed at least once, "has no voters in any State of its own creation," but by the several States. "The due qualifications of voters," writes Story, "has been deemed a matter of mere State policy," and he adds that no "absolute right to elect or to be elected" can be claimed by anyone. Pomeroy, after stating that Congress has no direct control over electors, observes that "the organic law nowhere attempts to define what persons may exercise the right of suffrage," and concludes, "Not a vote is cast, from one end of the country to the other, by any person in virtue merely of being a citizen of the United States." Pomeroy here uses the term "right," but from the context, it is plain that he does not differ from Cooley or Story in the meaning

assigned to it. With them he holds that the franchise is to be granted or withheld by the State, "on grounds of general policy."

Although the present tendency is to extend the franchise, the State always imposes some restrictions, not in conflict with a republican form of government, which, by the way, is nowhere defined in the Constitution. At the formation of the Union, many of the States exercised the right of exclusion to a point which today would seem to violate this saving clause, and continued the exclusion well into the new century. Thus in New Jersey, it was required that the elector be "worth fifty pounds, proclamation money," and in Massachusetts, that he enjoy "an annual income of three pounds, or any estate to the value of sixty pounds." A property requirement of some kind, was common; while beyond the "forty shillings freehold, or forty pounds personal estate," the godly State of Connecticut exacted from the prospective voter, by certificate of the selectmen, "maturity in years, quiet and peaceable behavior, and a civil conversation." This last qualification would have worked havoc in the voting ranks of some later communities.

The distinction between citizenship and the franchise is sharply drawn by two directly varying phenomena of the American electoral system. The first is that some States permit persons who are not citizens at all, to vote. In Missouri, for instance, aliens who in due form have declared their intention to become citizens, may under certain circumstances, receive the franchise. The same concession is found in Alabama, Arkansas, Indiana, Oregon, South Dakota and Texas, and was at one time allowed in Florida, Georgia, and Minnesota, and perhaps in some other States as well. In the next place, beyond all doubt, women are not only "persons" in the eyes of Federal and of all State laws, but "citizens." Yet in the majority of States, they enjoy no franchise whatever. On the other hand, in Illinois, they may vote for President and for municipal officials, while the complete franchise is granted in eleven States.

An amendment directing the choice of the President by popular vote would, of course, call for uniform qualifications to be fixed by Congress, for electors in all the States. It would require the establishment of an electoral bureaucracy at Washington; and that way lies peril, "Too much centralization," wrote John Fiske, a keen observer of American life, "is our danger today." With the adoption, under circumstances hitherto unknown to a Congress, of an eight-hour law, already subjected to the slur of a Federal Court, and a child-labor bill which besides the weakness of a doubtful constitutionality, strikes but an impotent blow at one form only of an industrial disgrace, we seem to have welcomed without reserve, the theory that no community can govern itself. Now it is proposed to establish a national university, the beginning of an educational monopoly by government, soon to be followed by governmental authority over defective, delin-

quent and dependent children. Are we to promote a new republic, unknown to the founders, in which, to quote Fiske, "the people of the different parts of our country shall allow their local affairs to be administered by prefects from Washington"? In the same anxious mood, Jefferson pointed out in 1823, the danger of having "all offices transferred to Washington," to become the stronghold of Federal incumbents who if originally disinterested, might be succeeded by unworthy partisans, lusting for the spoils. The spirit of this great statesman was never more needed than in this day of experimental socialized government. It is expressed in a sentence in his autobiography, pregnant with political wisdom. "Were we directed from Washington when to sow and when to reap, we should soon want bread."

The Volpi Collection

HENRY C. WATTS

ARE we not, after all, the heirs of the ages? Have not the centuries travailed for us; the craftsmen toiled for us? Has not the search for beauty continued unceasingly just that we may have a little pleasure? There are times when some few of the teeming millions in the metropolis of the West must stop to think whether, after all, everything that is in the world has come into being in order that, sooner or later, it might find its way to New York.

There has just passed under the auctioneer's hammer in New York City a famous art collection, which has been declared by no less an authority than Dr. Bode of Berlin, the most important and complete collection of the art of the Italian Renaissance ever shown in America. This collection which included ancient paintings, some wonderful Gothic and Renaissance furniture, rugs and tapestries, art treasures and antiquities, was contained in the famous Davanzati Palace, in Florence, and was brought to this country by Professore Commendatore Elia Volpi.

It is dispersed now, and America is the richer for its dispersal. But there is a side to an incident such as this which is not without a certain pathos, a side that means so much more than the fact that so many hundreds and thousands of dollars changed hands. For the Renaissance was the result of a tremendous intellectual and spiritual upheaval. Old landmarks were changed, old values cast aside: it was a rebirth, and it was not without the pangs and travail that must accompany all birth. And as the auctioneer sits, with hammer poised ready to fall, as the bidders cry out an advance on the price called for some wonderful piece of pottery or work of art, as a voice calls out "Seventy-five!" or some other such figure, it is possible to stop and think whether the Renaissance came to pass in order that centuries after America might set a price upon its achievements.

These are unique occasions, these auctions that occur in this country, when we are allowed to estimate in cer-

tain money values the genius and talent of the Renaissance; to buy something that is without a price, something that was made for the very love of art and the beautiful, something, too often true, that was made for the adornment of the sanctuary as an expression of love and devotion, and therefore can never be brought within the bounds of commercial value.

There were three objects in particular in the Volpi collection that stand out in this way, three objects that can only be incongruous in the home of the millionaire, no matter in how splendid surroundings they may be placed. They are a huge Florentine lectern and two vesting-presses.

Now it is a matter of ordinary common-sense that the craftsmen of the Renaissance did not put their best work and the splendors of wood-carving and gilding into a vesting-press in order that some hundreds of years later it might furnish a buffet in a rich American's dining-room. There is a sense of the incongruous in thinking that a solemn butler will hand the finger bowls from the very same piece of furniture at which countless numbers of priests vested for Mass; there is something unsatisfying in the thought that the sharp edges of these vesting-presses, which are worn smooth because for hundreds of years chasubles hung over their edge, will be worn still smoother from their contact with the dress-coats of twentieth-century men-servants. Of course this does not affect their marketable value, rather the fact that they are the spoils of some cathedral or church gives them an added commercial significance.

So too, with that great Florentine lectern. It will probably find a home in some gallery or library, and maid-servants will polish it well with cedar oil, and no one will think of cheering its wooden soul with such ditties as: *Virga Jesse floruit* or *Dulce lignum, dulces clavos*, or many another sound it heard before it became a piece of antique furniture.

However, the principal reason for the being of works of art is to fetch a good price, but there are many persons who have much real affection for them, quite apart from the price they might fetch. So among all the rugs and pictures and antiquities that gave joy to the eye of Professor Volpi, there are some that call for special mention on account of their exceeding loveliness.

Perhaps the most notable of these is a Madonna with the Holy Child and Saints by Francia. The picture is dated 1506, and was painted when Francia was more than fifty years old, and had arrived at the fullest expression of his artistic powers. The painting, which shows remarkable freshness in its colors, represents Our Lady seated, with the Holy Child on her lap. There are saints standing on either side, and the indications are that they are St. Benedict and St. Bernard; the former is bearded and wears a black cowl, while the latter is clean-shaven with just the hood and upper part of a white garment, evidently a cowl, showing. The background stretches away to hills in the distance, which are

slightly wooded. There are certain items in this collection upon which Professor Volpi placed a reserve price, on account of their unique character and great value, and this painting is among the number of items so reserved.

When Gonzaga was Duke of Mantua, in the fifteenth century, the bronze doors of the Church of St. Anthony at Mantua were being fashioned by Donatello, who was assisted by a fellow-worker named Andre Briesco, or more familiarly Il Riccio. And because of the excellence of Il Riccio's bronze work he was commanded by the Duke to make a thurible, which remained in the ducal family's possession, and finally passed to the Marquis del Bagno, and was sold some days ago for \$66,000. The top of this censer is surmounted by the seated figure of a bearded faun, resting on one hand a bunch of grapes and holding in the other Pan's pipes. The bowl of the censer is supported by three male caryatid figures with uplifted arms, holding acanthus leaves at the extremities. This glorious piece of work shows very strongly the paganizing influence of the Renaissance, and not only in the richness of its lines and the voluptuousness of its curves, but in its expression and spirit show more than anything else the unity of thought with pagan Greece which distinguished so many workers of this period.

There is a little treasure also which is ascribed by competent critics to the golden period of Greek art. This is a statuette of Sappho, which was discovered during the course of some excavations at Melos a short time ago. It is conjectured that this statuette dates from the fourth century, B. C. It presents in the most perfect form the idealization of the Greek love of rhythm and harmony.

A wonderful collection of chairs and faldstools of the Renaissance period showed that the Italian craftsmen were no whit behind the ancient Greeks in their love and appreciation of the beauty of line and form. Indeed there is food for reflection in comparing the Greek statuette and the Renaissance furniture to see to how great an extent the love of rhythm dominated the workers of both ages. And this same sense might have been seen in a wonderful collection of bronzes, and especially of brass candlesticks, many of which had begun life as ornaments for the altar before they entered on their dignified career as art treasures and antiques.

But the breaking up of this collection means that many treasures will find a permanent home in this country, and it appears to be increasingly the custom for wealthy men and women to leave, some at least, of their treasures for the use of the people in exhibitions and museums. So perhaps, after all, the workers and craftsmen of the Renaissance will not have worked without a purpose. In an age of so much machine-made work we need more and more to have brought to our minds the handiwork of the craftsman, to have before us the ideal of the dignity of labor as a means of perfect self-expression; and the Renaissance was before all else the culmination of self-expression. So those of us who have not seen

the Volpi collection and those of us who, having seen, will not be found among the buyers, can take comfort in the knowledge that somewhere in America these treasures are to be found, and in the hope that they may be brought forth to give joy to all who gaze upon them.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

A Challenge to the Socialists.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The following letter is the challenge I recently sent to Mr. Adolph Germer, the National Secretary of the American Socialist party. Perhaps the communication will interest the readers of AMERICA.

Boston.

DAVID GOLDSTEIN.

November 16, 1916.

National Office, Socialist Party,
Mr. ADOLPH GERMER, Secretary,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

My association with the Socialist movement and my study of its doctrines, as set forth by its foremost exponents, have firmly convinced me that Socialism is fundamentally hostile to the basic principles of Christian belief. Consequently no one can consistently accept the doctrines of the Socialist movement and those of the Christian Church at one and the same time.

In my travels from city to city, lecturing under the auspices of Catholic societies, I frequently meet members of your organization, who, through ignorance of the philosophical foundation of their party, or by their politic use of the Socialist now-you-see-it-and-now-you-don't-tactics have taken issue with me. They have gone so far as to say that my exposé of Socialism is false; that Socialism is in fact the further development of Christian principles rather than a divergence from them.

In order that this most vital issue may be made plain, in order that the line of demarcation that logically exists between Socialism and Christianity may be clearly defined to the satisfaction of those who may be in doubt, I respectfully submit a proposal that this matter be tested out on this one phase of Socialism—the family.

I shall present evidence to prove the following contentions before a competent committee to be decided upon by you and by myself at any date that may be mutually satisfactory.

(1). That Socialism assumes private property to have brought into existence the present form of the family, the monogamic family, one man, one wife and their children.

(2). That the Socialist theory of the present family assumes it to have evolved from the time when men and women lived in a state of promiscuity, when "all the women (in a tribe) belonged to all the men and all the men to all the women."

I hold that the Socialist theory regarding the family rests upon these two propositions and that they are diametrically opposed to historic testimony and Christian teachings.

It is a fact universally acknowledged that Christianity recognizes that Almighty God established monogamy when He created our first parents; when He declared: "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they shall be two in one flesh." My contention is that the evidence of the world's greatest ethnological authorities sustains the Christian doctrine that monogamy existed in the earliest known days of the race. That the investigations of these scientists prove that there is no evidence extant to substantiate the Socialist notion that promiscuity ever formed a general stage in the history of the human race. Their express understanding is that the race never could have outlived the degenerate condition of conjugal association from which Socialism assumes the family to have evolved.

I hold that Socialism stands for loose marital association, "an association terminable at the will of either party," thus doing away with the "interference" of "a third party," the Church or State. This is diametrically opposed to the Christian law which declares that a marriage once entered into and consummated is binding until death. Moreover an association terminable at will is contrary to the civic law which presumes marriage to be a life contract, subjecting the parties to the contract to its restraints, notwithstanding that the State has, since the days of the "French conflagration," permitted divorce.

I shall present as evidence in proof of these fundamental differences (on the Christian side) the writings in the New Testament, the "Catholic Encyclopedia," the proceedings of the Council of Trent, and the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII on "Christian Marriage"; also some writings of leading Protestant doctors. On the Socialist side I shall substantiate the indictment I bring with the writings of Morgan, Engels, Marx, Bebel, Bax, Morris, Rappaport, Meilly and other recognized Socialist authorities whose writings on the family are circulated by Socialist organizations, not alone in this country, but throughout the world. I hold, with your International Representative, Mr. Morris Hillquit, that "the utterances and acts of such writers and representatives, unless formally repudiated by their party, must be considered as legitimate expressions and manifestations of the Socialist movement, and its defenders and opponents may properly refer to them in support of their contentions."

As an evidence of my good faith I have placed on deposit with the Federal Trust Company of Boston the sum of one thousand dollars to be forfeited to the Red Cross Society in the event that the differences herein set forth are not proved to be fundamental to Socialism and to Christianity and that as a logical consequence no one can be adjudged an intelligent Christian and at one and the same time consistently support Socialism.

Sincerely,

DAVID GOLDSTEIN.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

Suffolk, ss.

November 17, 1916.

There personally appeared the above named David Goldstein, known to me personally, and made oath that he has now on deposit in the Federal Trust Company of Boston, Massachusetts, the sum of one thousand dollars in trust for the purpose hereinbefore set forth; before me,

AUGUSTUS ANDREWS,
Justice of the Peace.

Is There a Santa Claus?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

"Is there a Santa Claus?" Discussion is again rife as to whether we should answer that question of little doubting Thomas, or of his no less skeptical sister, in the negative or in the affirmative. At times we feel that we should disabuse their young minds altogether. But we hesitate, lest in disillusionizing them we shatter Christmas for ourselves as well as for the children. But "Is there a Santa Claus?" The question will not down.

Too bad that we should think it necessary to sustain a myth, when we have "the Word made Flesh," the Divine Saviour Himself as the "really and truly" central figure of the great festival. What is Christmas, anyway? Is it not the commemoration of the Incarnation? Is it not the anniversary of the Nativity? But, Alas! how few of the little ones now awaiting "Santa Claus" know of the Divine Infant. To them the real story of Christmas is as a closed book. They have learned the fable, not one whit less difficult of comprehension, and in no respect so well adapted to inspire and give joy as the fact. Childish fancy has been guided over the empyrean course of the reindeers and sleigh, and into the mystical realms of toyland. Our boys and girls are as familiar with the appearance of Santa Claus as they are with that of their own grandpa. They have seen and marveled at the pictures of the big books in which the names of all good children are recorded for reward; they have seen the great boxes into which the letters to "Santy" are delivered; they have been shown—well, everything!—everything but the Stable at Bethlehem, the Virgin and the Child.

There was a time, within the memory of many of us, when childhood looked forward to the *Christ-kindlein*, the Christ-child, for all that they now expect from Santa Claus. And did Christmas mean less to childhood then than it does now? We leave the answer to those who recollect. If there is a *Christ-kindlein*, and we are sure there is, else there would be no Christmas, what need have we, especially we Christians, of a Santa Claus?

Erie.

EDMUND A. KNOLL.

The Schoener Scientific Gardens

To the Editor of AMERICA:

At the close of the article, "Roses or Regrets," in AMERICA for November 18, Mr. Francis A. McCloskey asks if there are no Catholics who will join a movement to make the Schoener Scientific Gardens a reality. There are such Catholics, I am sure. Would not the following be a practical method of reaching them? By appealing to the bishops, and, with their approval, to the parish priests of all the parishes in each diocese of this country, for an annual offering of five dollars, a considerable sum could be raised. There are many priests whose interest in other fields of science would inspire them with friendliness for this work and a desire to help in it. After unusually successful church entertainments, many pastors would be willing to put aside a small sum to be added to the annual donation. Then, too, they could speak of the work from the pulpit, and thus rouse the interest of their parishioners. In some localities, leagues under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, the Mystical Rose of the Litany, could be formed, with small annual dues and an occasional entertainment to secure funds for the work.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

G. M. R.

Prohibitive Fees in Catholic Colleges

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The question of "Which college?" is settled now for another year—satisfactorily settled for many; for many more, unsatisfactorily. The higher education, as well as what precedes it, should be open to all who wish to avail themselves of it; and the day is coming when this will be the case. While, under certain conditions, free colleges are out of question, the fact remains that the rates charged by many, not to say most, of the leading colleges and universities are unnecessarily high. That there is in some of the non-Catholic colleges and academies a tendency to trade on the reputation of the institution, to tell its name to those best able to pay, and incidentally the advantages, whether solid or ephemeral, that it stands for, is undeniably true. That our Catholic colleges should follow them in this and seek to be "fashionable" institutions, catering to the rich or well-to-do is unthinkable.

We are constantly being urged to give our sons and daughters a Catholic education, a Catholic college education. And this every Catholic worthy of the name is eager to do. But in how many cases are the fees prohibitive? Examine the roster in dozens of non-Catholic institutions of learning, women's colleges in particular, and find the answer: the names of hundreds of ambitious Catholic girls, the flower of their generation. They are struggling against unequal odds, handicapped for their whole future. Why? Because their parents cannot afford to pay the price of their education in first-class Catholic colleges. Is this as it should be? Should a Catholic college practically close its doors to a student in order to maintain a high-priced exclusiveness? How much more meritorious to acquire a reputation for inclusiveness! To open its doors to every worthy applicant who can pay the minimum cost of maintenance and schooling. What a difference such a course would make even in one generation! What an impetus the Church in America would receive, and what a blessing these pioneers would draw down upon themselves!

Wilmington.

A. B. L.

A Monument to Harris

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It will afford me great pleasure, if I am permitted to say to Lillian Bell and the readers of AMERICA, that there is a book "for intelligent children and uncomplaining grown-ups," and to add, that "no library is complete without it," namely, "Uncle

Remus, His Songs and His Sayings." I often wonder, will our Catholic people ever appreciate the world's indebtedness to Joel Chandler Harris, or will the Knights of Columbus some day build a fitting monument to his memory. In a preface to the fifteenth addition of his book, the author says:—

I seem to see before me the smiling faces of thousands of children—some young and fresh, some wearing the friendly marks of age, but all children at heart—and not an unfriendly face among them. And out of the confusion, and while I am trying hard to speak the right word, I seem to hear a voice lifted above the rest, saying: "You have made some of us happy." And so I feel my heart fluttering and my lips trembling and I have to bow silently and turn away, and hurry back into the obscurity that fits me best.

If he were here to speak for himself he surely would say: "If you want to show your appreciation of my work, build a home for those little ones." And should we not make it worthy of him and the Master who inspired him? If I were asked to recommend a book for old and young, a book to give for Christmas, that will bring the greatest amount of innocent enjoyment to the greatest number, I would say, by all means, "Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings."

The Negro dialect is easy to read interestingly. It appeals strongly to children, and a book like "Uncle Remus" might be made to work wonders in weaning children of school-age from the "movies," which are causing the ruin of so many.

Chicago.

JOHN MCINTYRE.

Dignified Delay and Defeat

To the Editor of AMERICA:

My friend, Owen Brannigan, who toils in the rolling mills, is a vigorous pleader for Catholic organization. His desire is to awaken Catholics to a realization of the feebleness of their condition. This is sufficient for his condemnation by his acquaintances, clerical and lay, who denounce him as a "radical" and say that he is not sufficiently humble.

The advocates of dignified delay and defeat say that organization is not necessary, yet they know that on our street-corners infidels, Socialists and Jews are blaspheming God and His Blessed Mother, shouting foul attacks upon the holiest mysteries of the Catholic Faith, and inciting to assaults upon Catholic edifices, while Catholics stand by paralyzed, never having been taught the idea of organization, offensive or defensive. The paragons of sloth assert that Catholic leaders are not needed, yet they see seekers after or holders of political jobs masquerading as Catholic leaders while keen to play the part of Judas.

Will not AMERICA give us a series of articles on the real Catholic leaders of other days; or inaugurate a correspondence course of instruction in organization for those who should be Catholic leaders, yet are not? Mr. Brannigan is working to organize a band of militant Catholics who will deal in forcible fashion with the imported Socialist rabble. More power to him!

Brooklyn, N. Y.

JAMES V. SHIELDS.

Complaints from Catholic Politicians

To the Editor of AMERICA:

For some weeks I have been subjected by certain Catholic politicians and their friends to tirades against damn priests, Catholic papers and magazines. Among them AMERICA was mentioned as the worst offender. These gentlemen found fault with the manner in which the Administration's policy in Mexico had been judged. Is it not about time to proclaim loudly that Catholic papers and magazines exist principally to defend Catholic interests at home and abroad?

Hartford.

W. GILBERT.

[Quite unnecessary. Religion and morality are always the first and last interest of Catholic politicians.—Ed. AMERICA.]

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1916

Entered as second-class matter, April 15th, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3d, 1879.

Published weekly by the America Press, New York.

President, RICHARD H. TIERNEY; Secretary, JOSEPH HUSSEIN;
Treasurer, FRANCIS A. BREEN.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, POSTPAID:

United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly, \$3.00
Canada, \$3.50 Europe, \$4.00

Address:

THE AMERICA PRESS, 59 East 83d Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

CABLE ADDRESS: CATHREVIEW

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

St. Dominic and His Brethren

TO have had a saint for a mother, not merely a saintly mother, but one actually raised to the altars, to have one's own brother beatified, and to have enjoyed the friendship of men like Simon de Montfort and Francis of Assisi was a distinction, not altogether unusual in the early centuries of Christianity, but extremely rare in the Middle Ages, ages of faith though they were. Yet this was the distinction given to Dominic Guzman. All that was necessary to complete the story was that he should be canonized himself, and leave behind him a posterity of saints. Both of these privileges were accorded the founder of the Order of Preachers. Children in the flesh he had not, for he consecrated his virginity to God; but children in the Lord were his in legion; the day would fail the tongue that would attempt to tell their names, for they literally crowd seven centuries of the Church's calendar. Not the least of them is our first American saint, the gentle Rose of Lima.

It was a high mission that Honorius III. intrusted to the little band of men, solemnly approved as a Religious Order on December 22, 1916. They were to be, in the words of the Pope, "champions of the Faith and lights of the world." During the seven centuries that have come and gone since he defined their work, they have manfully stood to their task. Dauntless, uncompromising defenders of orthodoxy, ever battling for the truth, they have been Crusaders in the best sense of the term, they have dealt valiantly with heresy, and had a lion's share in preserving the integrity of the Faith. Some idea of their devotedness to the Holy See may be gained from the fact that three thousand members of the Order have been bishops. Of these ninety were cardinals; twenty-five, legates *a latere*; ninety, apostolic representatives in the courts of kings and princes; while four were popes. Such was the gift of St. Dominic to the Church, or rather a small portion of his gift, for greater than all these are the unnumbered saints and scholars

who have lived and toiled and suffered and died for Christ, and have wished their names to be forgotten and unknown.

They were also to be "lights of the world," keeping alive the spark of revealed doctrine and kindling the fire of charity. The white scapular, which is the distinctive mark of St. Dominic's sons and daughters, not only symbolizes the purity of their ideals, the innocence of their lives and the favor of the Queen of Heaven, it also typifies the white light of truth, which they have contributed so much to keep unclouded and undimmed for so many hundreds of years. The crystallization of the highest ideals of Christian art in the work of Fra Angelico has its counterpart in the permanency of form given to theological thought by the surpassing genius of the Angel of the Schools. And who that has read at all has not wondered at the mysticism of St. Catherine of Siena, counselor of popes, the zeal of Las Casas, defender of the Indians, the labors of St. Louis Bertrand, evangelist of New Granada? St. Raymond of Penafort was one of the most eminent of jurists, St. Antoninus one of the founders of sociology, Lacordaire one of the most eloquent of preachers and publicists. In our own land Edward Fenwick, first Bishop of Cincinnati, and Luke Concannon, first Bishop of New York, were among the most apostolic pioneers of our American episcopate. But these men and women, though more distinguished than their brethren, were, after all, only types of the great body of Dominicans.

With the month of December the white-robed army of St. Dominic will enter on the eighth century of its loyal service of the Church. Throughout the month, and especially in the days immediately preceding Christmas, days that mark the anniversary of the solemn approval of the Order, Catholics the world over will be offering felicitations on the happy completion of another cycle of fruitful labor. AMERICA, speaking for the sons of St. Ignatius and for its editors and its readers, desires to add its voice to the general chorus of congratulation and to express its confident hope and its sincere good wishes for the fulfilment of St. Teresa's prediction, that the Dominicans, because they have been found good and faithful servants, will be set over still greater things until the end of time.

Encouraging Anarchy

IN this country, as in Europe, the curse of organized labor, has been dishonest or misguided leaders. No open-minded publicist, above all, no Catholic, need be told that the wrongs of the worker in America are many and grievous. But it is sheer folly and sin, to proceed on the policy that deep wrongs can be righted by deeper wrongs. It is true that under extreme conditions, well defined and fully verified, revolution may be justified. But do the evils which the laborer now suffers, justify revolt against our Government? That contention can be

advanced only by an association or an individual utterly deranged by the bitterness of partisanship. Yet it is, apparently, the position adopted by the American Federation of Labor, in session last week at Baltimore.

After assuming what is by no means a certainty, that interests antagonistic "to the freedom of men and women who labor" are making a mockery of the American courts, the Federation adopted the following resolution:

We therefore recommend that *any injunction* dealing with the relationship of employer and employee, and based on the dictum "labor is property," be wholly and absolutely regarded as usurpation, and *disregarded, be the consequences what they may.*

Happily, with its limited membership, the Federation does not represent a tenth part of the workers. That in this anarchical resolution, it represents a plurality even of its own adherents, is open to serious doubt. The average workingman is not a dolt. He subscribes to the opinion of that eminent jurist, Mr. Taft, stated some eight years ago, that it is not the worker who profits by any weakening of the courts, but "the rich violator of the law, because he can employ cunning and astute counsel to enable him to take advantage of every such weakness." Conceivably, the endowed corporation might exist without the assistance of the courts; but there can be no doubt whatever, that without the powerful protection of the law, operating equitably through the judiciary, the worker is absolutely helpless to maintain his cause against the encroachments of predatory wealth.

But apart from that consideration, the authority of the courts, from the tribunal of first instance to the Supreme Court of the United States, must be upheld, and this despite the complaints of minorities, even when justly aggrieved. This principle is fundamental in the American scheme of government. When laws work to the harm of the community or State, redress is at hand in their repeal by constitutional means. No Catholic can retain membership in any association which by contemptuously disregarding the decisions of rightly established courts, fosters violence and encourages revolt. If to repeal an obnoxious law, or to amend an unpalatable judicial decision, every man is free to arm himself with a brickbat or a revolver, and encourage his fellows to emulate his example, "be the consequences what they may," then government is a farce, and civilization, an idle dream.

Francis Joseph, Emperor and King

THE Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary is no more. On November 21 the merciful hand of death closed his aged eyes in eternal sleep. His life was long and laborious and sorrowful. As a mere boy of eighteen years he was called from the battlefield to ascend a tottering throne beset by enemies both within and without the Empire and Kingdom. And he died a hero. The Italian war passed, the Hungarian

revolt was settled, Serb, Czech, Magyar and men of a dozen other races, all with different ideals and aspirations were not only held together for a common end, but were inspired with reverence for the ruler who gave of his life that they might live in peace. His people loved Francis Joseph both for what he was and for what he did. A martyr to duty, he labored incessantly for the welfare of the many races over which he ruled. His was no easy task, but never once did he falter in his effort to accomplish it as perfectly as might be. Just and merciful, at all times he sought not his own aggrandizement but the advancement of his people. His heroism was the more remarkable, for that his life was joyless. He was in very truth a man of sorrows, the greatest perhaps that ever darkened a king's soul. The calamities of the house of Atreus pale into insignificance before those of Francis Joseph. But Francis Joseph bore his grief in kingly fashion and went his way with trust in God. For he was a man of faith, a simple man who did not fear to make public acknowledgment of God's supremacy. Now he is dead and his people of many races and tongues and religions are mourning their King and Emperor who lay in silent peace in the old castle of Schoenbrunn, at the foot of the graceful hill on which the Viennese had gathered so often to do their Emperor honor. As his body was borne into the stately Hofburg, a dense, motley crowd stood in the courtyard, round the great stature of Maria Teresa, and watched the passing of their sometime chief. He is their chief no longer, he has been borne to the humble Capuchin church, where his body now rests on the floor of the crypt, in a great metallic coffin, with those of his noble and ancient line. *Sic transit gloria mundi*, but Francis Joseph has a higher glory; in later life he was a devout Christian and he died *in osculo Domini*; in faith, in penitence, in confidence. The King is dead! Long live the King!

Barroom Vision

THERE is a callow youth in one of Dickens's novels, who was wont to boast that he "knew life." "He had looked at it," explains Dickens, "through the dirty panes of a barroom door." Some of our American novelists, particularly two in New York, make the same boast, backed, very probably, by experiences similar to those of the youth at the barroom door. They call themselves artists, but this may be passed over as a mere mistake. Persons who assert this claim are generally suffering from what the alienist terms "ideas of grandeur." Nor are their frantic cries that "art" is suffering because of the activities of Mr. Sumner and the police, particularly impressive. Who ever told these gentlemen that their diseased and enfeebled productions were "art"?

Equally absurd is their assumption that they "see life as it really is." On the contrary, what vision they possess is focused on life's midden-heaps, and so familiar have

they become with the gutter, that they deem the perfume of an apple-orchard faint and unsatisfying. There are other things in life besides midden-heaps: violets, for instance, and children, and love and sacrifice, and clear heads and pure hearts. Our novelists are suffering from a vision not too keen, but too weak. They lack the larger vision of man as he is, a being made to the image of God, and for all his frailty, the object of a love that is infinite.

Exit Santa Claus ?

A CORRESPONDENT pleads in another column of this issue for the abolition of the Santa Claus myth and urges that instead greater emphasis be laid on the fact that every Christmas gift which comes to young and old, though the givers may not realize it, is inspired by the world's desire to celebrate in this appropriate way the Birthday of Our Divine Saviour, His Blessed Mother's priceless Christmas gift to us. As the only Santa Claus in existence, therefore, is the Christ Child; let all our little ones be taught as early in life as possible that it is He who brings their presents, and that it is His spirit which gives the Christmas season all the peace, joyfulness and good feeling that time out of mind has characterized it. For Christmas is preeminently a religious feast. The very word shows by its derivation that the Feast of the Nativity is, in a special sense, the day of *Christ's Mass*. Moreover all the religious services held that day even by those sects that no longer believe that Christ is really the Son of God are nevertheless a sort of acknowledgement of His Divinity. Nay, the most violent atheists, whenever they write a date, unconsciously pay homage to Our Lord, for His Birthday marks the high, central point of all chronology. As for Santa Claus, though he is identified in some European countries with St. Nicholas of Myra, on whose feast, December 6, presents are secretly given to children, he has become in this country a highly mythical creature of the nursery who robs the Christ Child of His due honor on Christmas Day.

The substitution of the Christ Child reality for the Santa Claus fable will do away, moreover, with the necessity of little boys and girls sadly abandoning when they grow older their belief in a benevolent, reindeer-driving, chimney-descending old gentleman, who fills good children's stockings with gifts. It is better far that parents should teach their infant sons and daughters that the Divine Child is the source of all the happiness of Christmas. This will also help them to keep in mind the glad reality of the Incarnation, a fact which the modern world prefers to forget. For outside the Church, as we know, Christmas has long been tending to become merely a day of merriment and good cheer, the giving of presents often degenerates into a shrewd business practice, or into a thinly disguised imposition against which "spugs" indignantly protest. One of our modern

pagans has written a book in praise of "St. Friend" with the object of robbing December twenty-fifth of its Christian character; many a "Christmas card" nowadays has about it nothing whatever to indicate the sacred nature of the feast. To show the drift of the age in this respect a secular magazine records that last year in a certain Protestant church, all the songs and exercises of a Christmas celebration "proclaimed Santa Claus" only, Our Divine Lord's connection with the festival being quite overlooked. All the more need, then, that Catholics at least should keep the public in mind that Christmas is nothing less than the Birthday of "the World's Ransom, Blessed Mary's Son."

Calumny by Cartoon

A CARTOON is like a newspaper headline. It is brief, striking; it appeals to the eye and the ready emotion. Rarely does it offer an argument to the intellect. But it usually "gets across" with the crowd. Psychologists know the power of a picture in producing a lasting impression. So too do the engineers of the campaign of calumny against the New York private institutions for children. By grace of a New York organ of "uplift," an instrument of the "charity trust" and a beneficiary of the Russell Sage and Carnegie Foundations, these grimy engineers have been accorded another chance to strike a blow against the New York institutions, founded on the principle that charity is a virtue, and not a trade.

In the cartoon, a beam of cheering light has cut across the gloom of the private institution. With a keen sense of humor, the cartoonist indicates that this beam proceeds from that source of ineffable splendor, "The New York City Charities Inquiry." In the broad path of its brilliance, stands a little girl, ragged, unkempt, miserable, her hands raised in supplication, tears rolling down her cheek. This wretched baby is "The City's Ward." She has been rescued from the unspeakable cruelty and neglect of the private institution, by Mr. Charles H. Strong, a knight-errant who by consent, favor and approval of Mr. Homer Folks, the archenemy of the private institutions, was appointed to conduct a fair and impartial investigation of the private institutions.

Decent men can form but one opinion of this cartoon. It embodies as foul a lie as has yet been conceived throughout the whole course of the campaign of calumny. It gives visual form to a lie sent forth by a beneficiary of Carnegie and Russell Sage, against devoted men and women, whose services are freely dedicated to God in His little children. That it will confirm the enemies of the private institutions in their hatred of charity given without price, is the hope of the factions who have inspired this iniquitous assault, as the holy season of peace and good-will draws near. That it can inspire the fair-minded man with any sentiment other than disgust, is unthinkable.

Literature

JUDGE OR IMPRESSIONIST?

"YOU ought to commend more of the books you review," remarked the Candid Mentor to the Harsh Reviewer. "Why are you so chary of praise? Your book-reviews almost lead me to accept that cynical definition of a literary critic: A failure in life who ekes out a precarious living by finding fault with the writings of better men than he. Every book published has something in it, surely, that is good. You could at least say a kind word about the inerrancy of the author's spelling, pay a tribute to the grammatical orthodoxy of his sentences, or dwell upon the correct taste evidenced in the book's cover-design."

"But a literary critic, as I conceive him," rejoined the Harsh Reviewer, "is a stern judge whose high mission it is to 'learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world.' When I review a book I bring to bear on it the reasoned exercise of my literary taste. I compare the book with the best works of its kind that I am familiar with, test it by rigorous canons of criticism, then appraise its value accordingly."

"But judicial criticism of that sort has become obsolete," said the Candid Mentor. "Impressionistic reviewing is now in high vogue. The critic's whole duty is to record the effect the book under review has had upon him. He is an investigator, not a judge. He considers the work by itself. Instead of asking what the book ought to be, he inquires what it actually is. He tries to understand what the author aimed at and then determines how well or ill that object was achieved. So a sensitive, sympathetic soul is the modern critic's chief requirement."

"That wonderfully simplifies the reviewer's task, to be sure," admitted the Harsh Reviewer.

"Of course. All he needs to say is something like this: 'The Blue Poppy,' Ella Spindriff's latest novel, 'I liked very much because it pleasantly brought back to me the days of my innocent childhood, which is the obvious purpose of the book and the author successfully achieves it. You ought to read the story.' He would mercifully forbear, you see, calling the author another George Eliot or Jane Austen, would refrain too from proclaiming the book the most important story of the year, and would even avoid making an elaborate comparison between the volume under review and the author's seven previous books."

"Those latter qualities of the impressionist critic are very attractive ones, I admit, for I am tired of reading every now and then about the new Dickens, Thackeray, Keats, Lamb, or Maupassant that has just been discovered. But what assurance have I that your impressionistic reviewer's opinion of the books he undertakes to appraise is really worth having? Of what value are his 'impressions'? Why, he may be a neurotic person who is violently moved by commonplace trifles. How shall I know what training he has had to fit him for the office of literary critic? Why should I accept as final the judgment of an anonymous impressionist who seems to praise most highly the books brought out by the publishers that advertise most extensively in the periodical he writes reviews for? What guaranty have I that he has even read with any care the books he commends?"

"Absolutely none," answered the Candid Mentor, "except the literary reputation of the magazine in which the reviews appear. But if it comes to that, what guaranty have you for the critical competency of your 'judicial' reviewer?"

"None," admitted the Harsh Reviewer sadly, "save perhaps the internal evidence of the book-review itself, reinforced by my own subsequent judgment of the work criticized."

"Tell me what you would consider the qualifications of an ideal judicial reviewer?"

"The ideal judicial reviewer? Perpend: He would be a man of broad culture, and a specialist too in his field. He would be familiar with the world's masterpieces of literature and would know what the keenest minds have thought of them. He would be able to tell what qualities should be found in perfect examples of the class of books he undertook to criticize and he would have read with discernment the preceding works of the author under review. Our ideal critic, needless to say, would give without fear and without bias his candid opinion of the book in question, and deliver his verdict of course with consummate literary skill."

"Like a cold and merciless Aristarchus, no doubt!" exclaimed the Candid Mentor. "Would your dread 'ideal judicial reviewer' ever be permitted to praise a modern book?"

"O yes," answered the Harsh Critic indulgently, "provided his encomiums were duly restrained. For excessive rigor is hardly the salient defect of the average reviewer in this country today."

"That is true. Fresh novels are exploited for their news value. The fact that a writer of 'best sellers,' after only two months' work, has produced another book; that the first edition of 200,000 copies was exhausted before leaving the press; and that the plot is 'exceptionally daring,' even for this author, are all enlarged upon and emphasized. But of judicial criticism, I must admit, there is precious little."

"That is because both our reviewers and those who are guided by book-notices are in such mortal fear of being thought 'high-brow' and of seeming to appraise a book according to 'obsolete critical rules.' But as Mr. William Crary Brownell well observed in his recent address before the annual meeting of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, nowadays 'terribly little learning is enough to incur the damnatory title of "high-brow."' He then asked very pertinently: "'How are we to have a standard of culture, of solidity, of intellectual seriousness . . . if our public is so given over to the elation of emotion as to frown impatiently on any standard of severity, or, owing to its dread of conventionality, on any standard whatever?'"

"Do you maintain then," asked the Candid Mentor, "that the impressionistic book-reviewer ought to give place to the judicial critic?"

"Not altogether," answered the Harsh Reviewer. "A blending, in the same person, of the qualities of each, with those of the judicial critic strongly predominant, would be best. He could then read with an impressionist's eye, the unconventional output, for example, of the new literary movements, but he would not fail to be judicial in his appraisal of such works. He would always keep in mind for what end each book is written and what its effect would probably be on the average reader. He will not countenance the so-called divorce of literary from ethical beauty, and the stylistic or poetical charm of a book will never blind him to its moral dangers. He will praise heartily when he can, but he will remember that, advertisers and press-agents to the contrary notwithstanding, masterpieces are always few and the best is necessarily rare. He will realize, moreover, that there is a vast deal of worthless and harmful literature scattered broadcast through the land, but good books are seldom adequately published at all. So if the judicial critic can persuade people to read less about poor books, but more of good books, he will admirably discharge his office of propagating 'the best that is known and thought in the world.'"

WALTER DWIGHT, S. J.

REVIEWS

The Boy Scout Movement Applied by the Church. By NORMAN E. RICHARDSON and ORMOND E. LEWIS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

To all who come in contact with the growing boy, this is probably the most useful book of the year. Despite incidental statements, not essentially affecting the main thesis, it is safe, sane, practical and satisfying. The authors recognize the immense value of proper recreation in supplying the boy with healthy interests at a dangerous period; but they have no countenance for the theory that organized play alone can safeguard morals or shape character. "The boy's morality is insecure, unless it is based on religion." This is the principle upon which the authors have built, and one chapter in particular seems dictated by the spirit of the famous Ignatian meditations on the Two Standards and the Kingdom of Christ. What will restrain the boy, they ask, when, tempted to disregard the voice of conscience, he is aware that "there is little or no danger of being found out?" The answer is, that faithfulness is best secured by an intense loyalty to some model which has awakened the boy's admiration and love.

A boy needs to be put into intelligent and sympathetic relations with that which he believes to be ultimate truth, love and power....Where can he find a character—a person—who will stand the test of his most severely critical study? There is but one answer to this question. There is only one historic character who can satisfy these demands. It is because Jesus Christ lived a life without moral imperfection....that loyalty to Him makes the highest step in character-building....A boy's imagination needs to be nourished and stimulated along moral lines....It is religion that says to the dreamer: Follow on in the direction of honesty, unselfishness, helpfulness, purity, as far as your imagination can take you, and there you will find Jesus Christ.

That is, the boy must be led to know Christ, his perfect Leader, that out of this knowledge may arise the desire to imitate Him more closely, and to love Him more ardently. That this principle can be applied through religious instruction, and particularly by bringing the boy into touch with his King and his Friend through daily Holy Communion, is the great advantage possessed by the Catholic director. Very properly, the book is not exclusively concerned with the boy's spiritual welfare. The suggestions for the conduct of games, club meetings, "hikes" and camps, are extremely practical and detailed. But the volume is very much more than a professional plea for the Boy Scouts. It is a clear and, for the most part, an acceptable presentation of the philosophy underlying the great work of saving the boy, morally and physically. As such, it is heartily recommended.

P. L. B.

Coram Cardinali. By EDWARD BELLASIS. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25.

In this attractively bound and illustrated volume, the son of that Mr. Serjeant Bellasis who was so closely associated with Newman, records his own recollections of the great convert. The author attended the Oratory School, knew the Cardinal intimately, and has here set down many an anecdote that brings out the charm and beauty of Newman's character. In his first chapter the author treats of "Cardinal Newman as a Musician," and tells how fond he was of playing Beethoven on the violin. Faber's "Eternal Years," in Newman's opinion, is a better hymn than is his own "Lead, Kindly Light." The former hymn, he said, "is one with full light, rejoicing in suffering with Our Lord, so that mine compares unfavorably with it."

The wealth of reminiscences in the chapter called "Obiter Scripta" makes the Cardinal's amiable personality very real. We are told just how he preached, said Mass., and read the

Gospel, what pictures adorned his rooms, and what his literary preferences were. He considered "David Copperfield" Dickens's best novel; "The Deserted Village" "one of the most beautiful poems in the English language"; for power of words, he preferred Dryden even to Shakespeare; and acknowledged his own indebtedness for style to Cicero's "Academics." The author also has some delightful pages on Newman as a converser. The Cardinal liked to talk with those who were simple, natural and unaffected, and he had no wish to be always arguing. Mr. Bellasis writes:

Here is one who for all his genius is the last to look down upon you for not being clever, or learned, or a coiner of "unreal words," and you, eschewing airs of any kind, may be rewarded or startled on a visit by, "As they say sometimes in America, I guess I'm chock," or "We've had enough of (so and so's) gooseberry"; or be consoled with over confusion about curacao or maraschino, "I never know which it is"; or be playfully put at your ease, when he was engaged, with, "No doubt you will be here long enough to be interviewed," or be quietly paid out, if you half praised a thing, with a playful, "Of course, we know they didn't do so well as when you were in it"; or hear slyly interjected the disturbing question, "How about oyster soup?" in the midst of a learned dissertation on vegetarianism by his brother, an expert on the subject; or see a country caller, a Nonconformist minister, confounded with charitable service by his Eminence kneeling to wipe his boots with a handkerchief.

The two other chapters in "Coram Cardinali" give Newman's "Impressions of Heaven in Infancy and Age" and describe his "Mediterranean Voyage."

W. D.

An Introduction to Economics. By FRANK O'HARA, PH.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.00.

In style and general arrangement of matter, this volume by the Associate Professor of Economics at the Catholic University, is a model among text-books. It is clear, concise in statement, and fairly comprehensive. To have attained this within the compass of 260 pages, is a notable triumph. The chapters on Wages, Labor, Supply and Demand, Single Tax and Socialism, are particularly good. While brief, they contain an admirable statement of the fundamental principles involved, and the manner in which the application of these principles to concrete facts is indicated, will stimulate the student to private investigation and research.

The concluding chapter, "Practical Economic Problems," will, of course, be very largely appraised in the light afforded by the particular school of thought favored by the critic. Dr. O'Hara takes "the activity of the State" in the economic field "for granted," and frankly disavows any sympathy "with the school of economic thought which would attempt to assign the State simply the role of policeman in economic affairs, with the duty merely of preserving order among the contestants in the economic struggle." Probably there are few today who would advocate the position of the school rightly condemned by Dr. O'Hara; on the other hand, there are many who seem utterly blind to the real and serious danger inseparable from the plan of State-control, in many departments of human activity, insistently urged by powerful influences at the present time. It need not be said that Dr. O'Hara would find himself quite out of sympathy with these plausible extremists, for there is no room in his philosophy for a State either servile or tyrannical. Yet, while perhaps inevitable, it is to be regretted that "the plan of the present volume," precluded an incisive criticism from his pen, of the modern social factors which tend to exalt the State, at the peril of crushing proper individual initiative and activity. An excellent addition to the bibliography of the final chapter would be the Leonine Encyclicals "On the Condition of the Working Classes," and "On the Christian Constitutions of States."

P. L. B.

The Golden Book of the Dutch Navigators. By HENDRICK WILLEM VAN LOON. New York: The Century Co. \$2.50.

The history of Holland is the story of the conquest of the sea. To the adventurous spirit of her intrepid mariners does that originally "small mud-bank along the North Sea" owe her mightiness as a commonwealth, which even today, after the lapse of two centuries, proudly holds her own among the nations. Though the Spaniards and Portuguese had discovered and, to their undying honor, had brought the light of civilization to many distant parts of the world almost two centuries before the Dutch navigators sailed forth in search of the romantic adventures described in this book, to these latter we owe not only the discovery of Spitzbergen and many new islands in the Arctic, but also the first reliable information about the impracticability of the north-east passage. To them is due the finding of a new route to the Pacific and the charting of its southern part. They made the first scientific inspection of the Australian continent and discovered New Zealand, Tasmania and a number of new islands in the Indian Ocean. Moreover, they established settlements in North and South America, in Asia and Africa, besides getting into relation with Japan and China.

These Dutch navigators were men of an invincible spirit. Those who equipped their expeditions died in the poorhouse, and those who took part in the voyages sacrificed their lives "as cheerfully as they lighted a new pipe." The book is attractively written save for an occasional reference to Almighty God that is wanting in reverence. The author's work would have gained in value had he oftener referred readers to his sources. The assertion that the state of Portugal in the sixteenth century was "rotten," needs much support, while the statement that the Jesuits in Japan "smiled pleasantly upon the Dutch visitors" and at the same time foully betrayed them is far from the truth.

A. H. R.

The Tide of Immigration. By FRANK JULIAN WARNE, A.M., Ph.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.50.

The author of this volume upon immigration has made careful studies of his subject under the most advantageous conditions. As a special expert on foreign-born population he was connected with the thirteenth United States Government census and held the position of secretary in the New York State Commission of Immigration. Whether readers agree with his conclusions or not, it must be owned that he has gathered together many of the important facts and figures upon which a consideration of this question must be based. The analogy suggested by the title of his book is sustained in chapter after chapter. The great tide of humanity, as he sees it pouring in upon our shores and again receding, is for him like the flow and ebb of the ocean, and no less clearly subject to definite laws which can be accurately ascertained. "It has its neap tides, its flood tides, its tidal waves, and its overflows and inundations. It has its tide channels by means of which it gains entrance to this country. It has its tide gates, its tide-rip, its tide mills, its tide basin." Much of this immigration, as he shows, is artificial and stimulated by those who make of it a colossal business enterprise, regardless of the welfare of the immigrant or of the country. "It cannot be too often emphasized," he writes, "that immigration of today, for the greater part, is dislodged from its European moorings primarily by self-constituted and unregulated promoters who stimulate an unnatural outflow into this country." He is an ardent advocate of the literacy test, upon which point many will disagree with him; but he believes it to be the best available practical means of "protecting our country, our people, and our democratic institutions from the very serious dangers that are now attacking all three through the excessive volume of immigration."

J. H.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Newly ordained priests and young men who are preparing for the priesthood will find sensible and practical counsel in "The Seminarian, His Character and Work" (Kenedy, \$0.75), an attractive little book written by the Rev. Albert Rung, a priest of the Buffalo diocese. The practices suggested by the author are for the most part those that can and should be continued after leaving the seminary and are based on a thorough knowledge of conditions in this country today. He insists, for example, on the high importance of perfect manners in the priest. Under such headings as Prayer, Obedience, Fraternal Love, Study, etc., Father Rung dwells upon the solid virtues that should grace the priesthood and he has excellent chapters on vocation and on the dignity of the priestly state.

Michael Wood, the High Church Anglican whose "mystical" stories have been noticed in AMERICA, has lately written a good novel called "The Penitent of Brent" (Longmans, \$1.35). Jesse Cameron, its central character, believed himself an unconvicted patricide as did his spiritual director, Father Standish, too. So he set the young man a penance that would make a Novatian rejoice. With incredible meekness Jesse accepted the penance and was rewarded in the end by finding peace for his soul. The chief persons in the tale have a vision or two and behave for the most part like real Catholics. Monica, Jesse's beautiful sister, becomes a nun and there is a gratifying atmosphere of other-worldliness pervading the entire story.

Here are some Christmas books for children: "The Know About Library" (Dutton, \$2.00), in twenty small volumes, and "The Owllet Library" (Dutton, \$1.00), in ten, are based on the same plan, for each volume has a varied set of colored pictures to be pasted in by the child, where text and numbers tell him they belong.—"The Way to the House of Santa Claus" (Harper, \$1.00), by Frances Hodgson Burnett, is illustrated in blacks, blues, yellows and reds laid on in masses. The story will amuse the little folks.—"The Golden Apple: A Play for Kiltartan Children" (Putnam, \$1.75), by Lady Gregory, is dedicated to George Bernard Shaw, and is dull reading, but the quaint pictures in color by Margaret Gregory are diverting. The exciting adventures of Flash, "The Clever Mouse" (Paul Elder, San Francisco, \$0.50), are described in separately bound chapters, which children are solemnly enjoined to read on six consecutive days.

Twenty-five short-sermons preached during the past twenty-five years by the Rev. Joseph Gordian Daley of Haydenville, Mass., have been gathered into a volume "as a jubilee memorial" under the title "An Altar Wreath" (Thomas J. Flynn & Co., Boston, \$1.25). "These simple moral talks," the author explains, "were delivered for the main part in country and suburban parishes, where a stranger's voice was always appreciated and welcome." The clear and practical discourses are well arranged under the captions: "With the Saints," "With the Year," "With the Master," "With the World" and "With the Home." They are dedicated to Bishop Beaven and have as a frontispiece a portrait of Father Daley.—The importation of a volume of "Sermons on Various Occasions" (Herder, \$1.80) by the Very Rev. Dr. Keane, O. P., a well-known Irish preacher, will win him admirers on this side of the Atlantic too. His series of conferences on "The Church" and on "The Christian Character" is especially stimulating.

"Refining Fires" (Kenedy, \$0.75), by Alice Dease, is a Catholic novel of the conventional type. Ruined, because his

trusted servant has played away his fortune, M. de Barli is abandoned by his relatives at the same time his wealth goes. By pardoning the offender, he merits a legacy at the proper moment to rescue his proud relatives from the poverty into which they were falling. The story is directed against gambling, and shows the power of adversity to purge away sinfulness.—“A Drake by George!” (Knopf, \$1.50) by John Trevena, is a comedy of real good-humor. It is a rare collection of odd characters, embracing bluff old Captain Drake, queer as his curiosities, collected from all parts of the world, his wife, who willed her property to all of her relatives and servants, her sister who forgets the things that happen and remembers the things that do not. These and many other amusing characters are continually plotting scenes that furnish a pleasant hour of reading.

The poetry in “Responsibilities” (Macmillan, \$1.25), William Butler Yeats’s latest volume of verse, is by no means the best he has written. There is music in such lines as

For men were born to pray and save,
Romantic Ireland’s dead and gone,
It’s with O’Leary in the grave,

but the Wordsworthian title of the following quotation, really seems to have in it almost as much poetry as the verses themselves:

ON HEARING THAT THE STUDENTS OF OUR NEW UNIVERSITY HAVE
JOINED THE ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS AND THE AGITATION
AGAINST IMMORAL LITERATURE.

Where, where but here have Pride and Truth,
That long to give themselves for wage,
To Shake their wicked sides at youth,
Restraining reckless middle-age.

“Multitude and Solitude” (Macmillan, \$1.35), which is a reprint of an old novel by John Masefield, although written in the form of a story, is really an intensive study of certain moods of solitude, experienced in the heart of London and the heart of Africa. The most beautiful part of the book is the persistent but illusive presence on almost every page of a pure woman, who, though dead, lives in the thoughts of the man who loved her, lifting his ideals, chastening his thoughts, and nerving him to noble action.—In “The Old Blood” (Dodd, Mead, \$1.40), a novel of considerable interest but of mediocre power, Mr. Frederick Palmer, who does not admire the Germans much, introduces two girls, both of whose names begin with *H* and whose voices are so exactly alike as to deceive their own friends. Complications of course ensue, in which Helen and Henriette play a large part. The European war breaks out and Philip Sanford volunteers to fight for the Allies. He is so badly wounded that he becomes blind and deaf, but is brought back to normality chiefly by the devoted care of one of the girls. But he still loves war as did his ancestors and will always feel the call of “The Old Blood.”

“A Volunteer Poilu” (Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.25) tells what Mr. Henry Sheahan saw and heard of the great war while ministering to the French wounded in the field service of the American Ambulance. Unfortunately, however, for the purpose of the book, which no doubt is to give a living picture of the sad havoc of war, the author has not succeeded in disguising his character of a one-time student of English at Harvard, or the precepts which he learned at the friendly hearth of Hollis ’17 from his “dear Copey,” Professor Copeland, to whom the book is dedicated. The dainty touches of description, a little at a time, might well adorn the choice pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, but a whole book of such conscious writing conceals more than it reveals of the real deep pathos of war.—“Ambulance No. 10” (Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.00), by Leslie Buswell, another member of the American Ambulance Service,

is on the contrary a real transcript of experiences at the French front of the great war. The personal letters, which make up the volume, were written to a friend in Gloucester, Mass., without any thought of publication. Reading them is as if you were seeing the scenes themselves seated beside the writer on his ambulance.

Proprium de tempore, now that Our Lady’s feast is drawing near, are these stanzas “Ad Virginem” which Mr. Shane Leslie has contributed to the *Ave Maria*:

Great praise hath Lady Mary won
For that she bare God’s gotten Son,
According unto Gabriel’s word
At Angelus most meekly heard.

The sun is all her cloth for dress,
And stars enshrine her loveliness;
Nor needeth she of mortal shoon
Whose feet are girded with the moon.

The Lady Mary hath a crown
Like to a jewel-crusted town;
And, like a living halo shed,
The eye of God illumines her head.

The following well-rhymed “Prayer,” which should help to make kinder those who say it, is taken from Paul Elder’s “Impressions Calendar” for 1917:

Let me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me,
Let me praise a little more;
Let me be when I am weary
Just a little bit more cheery—
Let me serve a little better
Those that I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver
When temptation bids me waver.
Let me strive a little harder
To be all that I should be;
Let me be a little meeker
With the brother who is weaker.
Let me think more of my neighbor
And a little less of me.

A notable contribution to the November-December number of the *Poetry Review*, the excellent magazine published by Erskine MacDonald, London, is James Mackereth’s critical paper entitled “Songs in the Whirlwind.” After observing that “the war is apt to distort, in the minds of those who do not actually participate, conceptions of those great and sweet realities by which we live, and of which poetry is the spirit and breath,” he proceeds to appraise the work of half-a-dozen young poets. He likes Egbert Sandford’s stanzas:

In the spirit that doth foster,
Kindly thought for flocks and herds,
I will covet me the honor
Of the Knighthood of the birds.

And, whatever else life offers,
Scarce contented can I be
Till the Order of the Children
I have seen conferred on me.

He also quotes with approval several of Theodore Maynard’s poems that AMERICA’s readers have seen in these pages and he admires the following description of “Humility” by Gilbert Thomas:

She walks not with uncertain gait,
Nor hangs her head in shame,
She knows her strength, if small or great,
And honors her own name

She kneels before no image rude.
God is her only law,
Her altar is Infinitude,
And there she bows in awe.

EDUCATION

Another La Salle

WHILE we have in English a few sound and practical works where the principles of Catholic pedagogy are explained, there is a dearth of plain and simple biographies of eminent Catholic teachers of modern times. In the light of the adage, "Long and tedious is the way to learning through lesson and precept, short and practical through example," the deficiency is to be deplored. Such examples and models, we think, can easily be found. For hidden away in the quiet of convent walls and the retirement of our colleges and universities, there have undoubtedly been in the ranks of Catholic teachers, men and women whose methods and pedagogical skill deserve to be studied for their own intrinsic worth and for the benefit of others. Such a record would be a practical course in education and would bring to light the unselfish services to science, art, literature and society of that numerous army whose brave soldiers are devoting their energies and their lives to the formation of youth. It would at the same time be a valuable addition to our apologetical literature and answer many of the difficulties and objections brought against us.

JAMES DOMINIC BURKE

THE writer who, under the modest title of a "Christian Brother," has described for us "A Century of Catholic Education" (Browne & Nolan), has understood this. If his volume should serve no other purpose than that of saving from oblivion the name of Brother James Dominic Burke, it would win our gratitude. For this spiritual son of Edmund Ignatius Rice, the Founder of the Irish Christian Brothers, must be considered one of the great educators of the nineteenth century. And the "Series" which describes the lives and the methods of such teachers and leaders as Alcuin, Ignatius of Loyola, Pestalozzi, Froebel and their peers, will be sadly incomplete, if at some future time, it does not contain the story of this large-hearted and clear-sighted Irishman, whose Monastery Schools, at Cork, were the wonder of all who visited them and in some ways were years ahead of similar institutions in England and on the Continent.

From the moment when in 1852, James Dominic Burke, then a mere stripling of eighteen, became a Christian Brother, until his death in March, 1904, his life was one of unceasing toil, of untinted and unusually intelligent devotion to the cause of Catholic education. The success which crowned his labors and those of his brethren must be reckoned from the spiritual, social and pedagogical standpoint, a splendid achievement.

A PRACTICAL TEACHER

THAT this noble disciple of La Salle and the sainted Edward Ignatius Rice was first and foremost a religious teacher, it is unnecessary to prove. He was a born educator and with keen and unerring instinct went straight to the heart of things. He realized that above all else, it is the soul of the child that must be developed and purified and that in such an important task, the only solid foundation is that which is laid deep and strong in the knowledge, love and service of God. When asked the secret of the scholastic success of his pupils, which puzzled Royal Commissioners and Inspectors, he replied "Religion."

He used to say that the fairest things God had made were flowers and children. The former he loved with a poet's fervor, the latter with the tenderness and the manly strength of a wise and prudent father. To this tenderness, he joined a keen perception of the needs of his children. These were generally the children of the toiler, the tradesman, the artisan, the poor. He realized how necessary it was to adapt his instruction to the social and material conditions in which his pupils would have to live. Gifted with the lively imagination of the

Celt, an artist in temperament and in his realization of the beautiful, he was no inefficient theorist or idle dreamer. He was practical and progressive. In his view, education must consider man's spiritual needs paramount in importance to everything else. But it should also prepare him to become a useful and efficient member of society. While teaching the lads of Cork, who, like genuine Celts, troubled little about the morrow, Brother Burke looked ahead for them into the future, and put into their hands the instruments which later on they would have to employ.

One of the first to use electric light for illuminating purposes in Cork, he was an ardent believer in scientific and material progress, in efficiency and organization, in the use of all those methods and weapons which science with lavish generosity was, so to say, thrusting into the hands of the men of the nineteenth century. The times had gone by, he realized, when mere book-learning would win the battles of life. He saw a new field open and was one of the first in Ireland to thrust the plow into its soil and open the furrows. He introduced technical training into its schools. Wood-carving, brass and iron-turning, silk and linen-spinning, printing, electroplating, lithographic printing in colors, to mention but a few items, were studied in the Monastery Schools and the perfection of the output astonished all. Brother Burke was lecturer, demonstrator, jack of all trades, yet master of all.

A PROGRESSIVE CITIZEN

IN 1897 Brother Burke explained his views to the Education Commission with regard to the program for the National Schools. He insisted strongly on the essentials, the time-honored R's. But he believed that the keenly-intellectual lads of Ireland were capable of accomplishing far more. He had a deep trust in the powers and the gifts of his countrymen. For instance he strongly advocated lessons in drawing and considered them of the highest pedagogic value, for they cultivated the taste, developed powers of accurate observation, taught habits of neatness and order.

The venerable headmaster of the Cork schools was also one of the pioneers of scientific agriculture in his native land. At the Cork Exhibition, he suggested a plan now followed by our "corn trains" and "cotton trains" sent out by the Department of Agriculture to educate our farmers. He proposed that expert agriculturalists be sent throughout Ireland to instruct the peasants and dairymen in the care of their stock, in the best methods of feeding and housing cattle, in the latest improved dairy devices, the patent-churn, the lactometer, in the nature and properties of the soil, in the diseases of plants and their remedies.

SOCIALIZING EDUCATION

THIS great Christian Brother loved education in all its phases. He saw the advantages which it procures for the mind, heart and soul of the individual. But he had a secondary end in view. The magic phrase "Social Service" he may not have heard or used. But if ever there was a social worker in the nobler meaning of the term it was this modern La Salle. "The social and moral uplifting of the workingman by means of education was his pet project," and his biographer tells us that his zeal, enthusiasm and ability enabled him to help materially in its accomplishment. He sought to dignify the lot of the tradesman and the toiler. His schools were not only halls where during a few hours of the day, pupils conned their lessons and listened to his teaching and that of his able and equally unselfish brethren, they became the social center of the city.

Without knowing it the Irish educator was using the best and most available part of that Gary system of which we have heard so much in the past year. In his opinion the people, if rightly taught could rise out of their narrow sphere, their minds could be lifted beyond the restricted range of their daily

tasks. He had confidence in their abilities to seize the truths of art, science and literature, provided they were brought before them in a way suited to their intelligence and their needs. He thought that the people had a right to the very best that his talents, his time and his heart could give. Hence his loyalty to them and his constant endeavors to improve their social standing. He was opposed to social and educational stagnation.

For the purpose he had in view, he employed the very means which now we consider as peculiar to our own educational improved methods. Industrial and technical museums, where textiles, machinery, scientific apparatus, geological specimens, mechanical models were exposed and explained by competent experts, lectures in which he was not afraid to bring home to his beloved children, old and young, the principles of architecture and music, lessons of history from his own native land and the ancient and modern world, principles of domestic economy and sanitation given in popular form, were some of the means which he employed. He was a believer in educational efficiency and an enemy of educational waste. The Monastery Schools thus became a kind of popular university, within whose halls all were welcome, especially the poor and the worker. They attracted wide attention. Visitors of such varied views as the Duke of Leinster, John Mitchel, Earls Spencer and Cadogan, Lord Haughton, Sir John Gorst, Messrs. Goschen and Asquith and Lady Aberdeen expressed their admiration for their work and their methods.

James Dominic Burke belongs to the fine race of Fénélon, La Salle, Vittorino da Feltre, Déma and St. Vincent de Paul. While teaching others the ways to science, truth and holiness he embodied in his saintly life the noble lessons he gave. He was a worthy successor of the Rices, the Leonards, the Wisemans and the Duggans, his fathers and brothers in religion. In him the Church and his native land had a tender and loving son and the cause of Catholic education an enlightened and devoted champion.

JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

Saving the Boy

“WHAT shall we do with the growing boy?” is beyond all doubt one of the most insistent and thorny questions of the day. To find a satisfactory answer is a task to perplex Solomon. Like the poor, the boy is always with us. We cannot give him away, we cannot in some Christian Science frame of mind deny him an objective existence, and it is against the law to kill him. Besides, modern efficiency engineers have taught us to save the scraps; and apart from this valuable lesson, we have a notion, that even as tarantulas, cyclones, plagues and water-spouts occupy a niche in the ordered scheme of things, so too the boy may serve some worthy but unsuspected purpose, in the vast variety of beings necessary to a complete cosmos.

ARM-CHAIR PLANS

BUT no plan excogitated in an arm-chair, to the purr of a cat and the song of a kettle on the hob, by some slippered pantaloone who has forgotten that he ever was a boy, will save the situation. To indulge in a statement, bromidic to all who have dealt with the tender yet tough stripling, you must take the boy as he is, not as you think he ought to be. By his variety, the boy contributes no small share to the store of the world's spice. It follows then, that you are asked to shape the fortunes of a being, that with bewildering rapidity, can pass from the quiescent stage typified by the little chorister who pipes and looks like an angel, to a shrieking engine of noise and destruction, most like a juggernaut running amuck on the Bowery. To save

the postage-stamps of all esteemed correspondents, I will here set down my complete persuasion that a juggernaut cannot run amuck. Also, I am quite sure that although there were and are many odd things on the Bowery, a juggernaut was never found among them; much less a juggernaut amuck. But I have a weakness for mixed figures and inaccurate allusions. Having thus made all plain, I may be permitted to proceed.

THE PROTEAN BOY

I DO not know how the statement may approve itself to the medical men, but to me, a boy seems a being of much bubbling, but quickly exhausted physical energy, very like a siphon of vichy. How he finds an outlet for his charged energy is illustrated by the crowd playing under my window as I type these lines. They are chasing one another about the street; they run, they dodge, they shout; they suddenly embrace, and thus locked, shoulder against shoulder, they roll about on the pavement. One youngster for sheer exuberance of spirit, and with no point of the game to gain, has just drop-kicked his cap across the street, while another is belaboring the shoulders of a laughing companion, with a folded bunch of old newspapers. So far as I can see, there is no definite plan in their movements. They are simply “working off steam.” Rather, they are fulfilling a wise provision for the race's welfare. The heady sap of life is rising in their young bodies, as in the slender shoots in the spring-time. Nature calls them to aid her in her work; to stretch the limb, to flex the muscle, to set the blood full coursing through vein and artery, to coordinate mind with body; and this play that seems so meaningless and uncouth is the unconscious response that nature asks. In a few moments, the choir-director will summon this boisterous crowd into the “Parish House.” There *in actu oculi*, will they be transformed into the choristers of the Easter cards, when like angels who from heaven have somehow wandered into Manhattan's unfamiliar scenes, they blend with the music found only in the throat of a boy, the se-raphic melody of Elgar's *O Salutaris*.

THE PURPOSE OF PLAY

THE growing boy simply *must* have his games. They are not a charity, not a grant by gracious condensation, but for all, save the rare exception, a physiological and a psychological necessity. Deprive him of them, and you undertake to strive against nature. An explosion is sure to follow. Under the special favor of Heaven, the explosion will react only on the boy's bodily health; but in most instances, the damage will be mental as well, and in nearly all cases, perils to morality will fill the gap, caused by the enforced absence of proper recreation. It was not without good reason that St. Philip Neri set the smudgy gamins of Rome's crowded quarters, singing and playing in his courtyard. Complaints followed fast from pious Fathers composing homilies for the edification of the Faithful, and from learned scholars in the community, perhaps from Baronius himself, then engaged in literary works that are miracles of patient research and accurate erudition. No doubt they had their justification; doubtless, too, the Father Superior, who loved cats and such small deer as well as boys, found a way of satisfying all parties to the contention. “But,” said this great Saint, who anticipated by centuries the best in what is deemed modern boy-culture, “I would let them chop wood on my back, if that served to amuse them, and keep them away from harm.” It is a pity that St. Philip does not count a larger number of modern imitators. Too many of the wise and great still find their model in the good little boy, who *never* plays noisy games, and *always* washes behind his ears.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND “GYMS”

THE boy is going to seek and find amusement. That is as sure as taxes. Where will he find it on New York's East Side, for instance, or on the East Side of your own city? I

am not quite sure that, taking conditions as they are, a gymnasium would not be far better for his spiritual profit, than a Sunday school. The Sunday school he will probably not attend, holding it "too slow"; but a properly equipped and managed gymnasium will attract him and his kind, as a barrel of molasses draws flies. Then, it may be, in time you can induce him to enter the adjoining parish school or failing this happy ending, you may exercise some degree of influence upon him, beginning by teaching the spirit of "squareness" and self-restraint, so necessary in organized play. This may not be a great deal, but it is an opening, and it is precisely what the boy needs. Grace builds on nature. At present, this youngster is a pupil attached to Public School No. 45. He finds his amusement either in back-alleys, or at the splendid Star of Hope Settlement House, where well-trained, zealous and upright men and women probably regard him as a neglected little papist brand, to be snatched at an opportune time from the burning. Of course, our young brother ought not to be doing any of these things, but he is doing them. It is well to deal, now and then, with actualities. The only question, or at least, the first question that seems appropriate here is, "What are we doing for him, besides telling him to don't?"

AUREATE DREAMS

WERE I that mythical being akin to the unicorn, a Catholic priest with a million dollars at his disposal, I should put it all in the hands of a wise man, to build me a parochial school and a settlement house. With these erected and in good working order, I should modestly announce myself as a person notoriously fit to receive another million dollars for the purpose of endowment. I take it for granted that no Catholic is so foolish as to suppose that a boy can be saved by a school or a gymnasium. There is One alone who is the way, the truth, the life; our hope, our model, our salvation, and He is Jesus Christ, who speaks to us and gives Himself to us, in His Church. But first you must catch your boy, if you wish to save him, preventing the devil. St. Paul talked philosophy on the Hill of Mars, exhibited to recalcitrant Jews his mastery of the law of Israel, quoted the poets to those who prized them, boasted that he was a Roman citizen or a vessel of election, as he thought the assertion more opportune; and built a fire and suggested breakfast, to hearten the spirits of a shipwrecked crew. We can adopt and adapt some of his methods, even if we can never equal his unquenchable zeal. The boy's response to an intellectual appeal is negligible. His emotions, such as they are, are calculated to answer to stimuli of a totally different kind. He may react to a carefully induced religious motive, but there is danger, I think, in asking the boy always to walk the path of sacrifice. He begins to regard his religion as a handicap, and becomes more easily the prey of the proselyter. If we cannot make our catechism classes, and their adjuncts, interest the boy who needs our help, let us try a football.

PRESENT OPPORTUNITIES

TO dream of a million dollars is, after all, only a dream. Dreams are worth while, only when they point the way, and stimulate to present action. Until our millions come to us from the stewards of the poor, all of us, in our own way and sphere, can help towards the consummation devoutly to be desired: the alignment of every force in every parish in the United States, for the salvation of the boy in danger, and of his sister. We can help directly by cooperating, readily and generously, with every Catholic boy-saving agency in the community. The Parish School Association, the Ozanam clubs, the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and the sodalities, are associations which will gratefully receive, and use to the best advantage, any assistance you give them. What are you doing to help them in their work of making the boy in danger, a useful citizen and a practical Catholic?

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Millions of "Water"

THE news letter of the American Federation of Labor calls attention to the first results of the La Follette physical valuation law to ascertain the value of railroad properties as a basis for rate-making. In the commission's report on the Texas Midland and the Atlanta, Birmingham and Atlantic Railroads, the latter is described as a system with 444 miles of single track and capitalized at \$35,000,000. According to a conservative estimate the road could be reproduced for \$22,716,886, while its value, less depreciation, is \$18,071,930. Taking account of leases, the present value is put at \$24,154,998. Interpreting this condition the news letter says: "This means that over \$10,000,000 worth of 'water' has been poured into this property." Other interpretations might be offered, but the fact remains that "watering" has been one of the most effective means by which some of our capitalists have acquired enormous fortunes.

A Grim Tale of War

A WRITER in the *Christian Herald* for November 22, 1916, is authority for the statement that there are 25,287,000 destitute people in the war zone, divided as follows:

The Armenian Dispersion.....	1,175,000
Northern France.....	2,112,000
East Prussia.....	1,500,000
Albania	1,500,000
Belgium	3,000,000
Poland	11,000,000
Serbia	5,000,000

As a large number of these unfortunate men, women and children are Catholics, it is hoped that some of their more fortunate fellows in the Faith will come to their assistance by contributing to the Holy Father's fund for their relief.

The Ten Commandments in Public Schools

"TWENTY million children in the United States do not attend church or Sunday school, and have no opportunity for religious training; fifteen million children between the ages of five and twenty years have never been to Sunday school at all." Such, according to the *Denver Catholic Register*, is the statement made by the Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Superintendent of the International Reform Bureau. In an attempt to find a partial remedy for these conditions the Board of Education of the District of Columbia recently accepted the plan suggested by Dr. Crafts of placing upon the wall of each class room a chart displaying the Ten Commandments, "the same to be those accepted by representatives of twenty-six denominations, including Gentiles and Jews." The effort to hold back by a scroll the wave of paganism that threatens to sweep over the country is pathetic. Of what value are the Ten Commandments if the child has no knowledge of the authority on which they rest and the sanction which accompanies them? The stone tables of Moses himself would not be sufficient to save the land without proper religious training, and this, with rare exceptions, is given in the Catholic school alone.

Divorce in Chicago

AFTER an extensive study of official records, the head of the Chicago social service department has submitted a report on divorce, to the city authorities. The present state of affairs is summed up in the sentence, "The divorce problem is becoming more serious in Chicago every day." In 1914, one couple were divorced to every ten married; in 1915 the proportion was one divorce to eight marriages. During the month of October, 1916,

the proportion was one to six, the actual figures being 634 divorces and 3,203 marriages. So lightly is the legal process held, that many of the divorces appear to have been granted, either without complete evidence, or in the ignorance of one of the parties that the suit was being prosecuted. "Statistics show," says the *Chicago Tribune*, "that during the last two years, ninety per cent of the divorces have been granted by default, those who were sued failing to appear in court."

Thus in many cases there was no corroboration of the evidence. There is also a possibility of connivance between the litigants, a practice forbidden by law. The same figures show that in forty per cent of the cases, the defendants were notified by publication only. There is no doubt that in some cases, the defendants did not even know they were being sued.

Among the suggestions made by the investigator is that an assistant State attorney be made a party in all divorce cases. The proposal, if carried into effect, would no doubt be found useful in detecting collusion between parties seeking divorce, and would at least lessen the legalized concubinage which disgraces the United States. But the real remedy lies in subscribing to the principles of the only Church in Christendom which has the courage to take an uncompromising stand against this great social evil.

Religious Apathy in Brooklyn

AS a result of a series of investigations into some of the manifestations of religious apathy in Brooklyn, the Reverend William Carter, D.D., pastor of one of the prominent Presbyterian congregations, has come to the conclusion that the City of Churches may no longer with any justice be called a city of churchgoers. Beginning with Greater New York he said:

There are in the City of New York over 1,125,000 Protestants who belong to no church. There are so many Protestants who attend a church only when the weather isn't fit for golfing, that a minister rejoices when a sort of gray day comes; he knows it is then that he can count on a better audience. The number who go to church occasionally and have no affiliations with the church are double the church membership. But if there are many who do not attend services regularly, it is even more significant that there are 955,000 who never darken the church door at all, who have no church affiliation, and who apparently have no thought of Jesus Christ or everlasting life.

Passing on to Brooklyn's share of these figures, he declared that at "a most conservative estimate" over 125,000 Protestants in the Borough of Queens never attend religious services. The Borough of Queens, he finds, is considerably worse off than Manhattan, it has more registered voters, but 100,000 less Protestant church members. Of its 388,000 children in public and private schools only one-half, 194,000, are receiving religious instruction in Sunday schools, and this number represents the combined enrolment in the Sunday schools of the Catholics, Jewish and Protestant churches. It is to be assumed that these figures are substantially correct; but if this be the case, the religious outlook for the Protestant Church in Brooklyn is far from bright. On the other hand it is a matter for thanksgiving that the Catholic Church in Brooklyn is rapidly growing. In a very real sense it has become under the present bishop the diocese of Catholic churches.

"Fellow Revolutionists"

THE I. W. W. has at last succeeded in securing a public building for its meetings. With the genial salutation, "Fellow Revolutionists," the noted I. W. W. propagandist, spurner of the American flag, and pastor of the Church of the Revolution, Bouck White, recently greeted an audience of 1,500 men and women who had gathered at Civic Forum, Public School No. 84, in Brooklyn. He declared he had come

with a message of joy for revolutionists. It consisted in foretelling a new war, sixty times as horrible as the present. He beheld the United States arrayed in it against the entire world and he reveled in the thought of the destruction that would ensue. Describing his speech the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* wrote:

He predicted the next great step in military progress, the artificial cultivation of disease germs as a means of destruction. The deadly chlorine gases now being used were going to give way to squirts of infantile paralysis germs, cholera, cancer and bubonic plague bacteria. He saw the skies giving off deadly fumes and the hills and mountains belching fire and lava. It was going to mean the destruction of civilization and the depopulation of the world. Nothing can stop that war from coming, and it is most desirable that it should not be stopped, according to Bouck White. For a few minutes the pastor indulged in a little swearing and damning.

He said he had not voted, but wished Mr. Hughes elected because that would have hastened even more quickly the destruction of humanity. He guaranteed immortality to all who would enlist in the army of the Social Revolution and hasten the destruction of the civilization of today, that it might give way to the new order of things according to the mind of Bouck White. The meeting was conducted by the president of the Civic Forum who appreciated the allusion to all present as "fellow revolutionists."

A Methodist Comment on "Pastor Russell"

THE death of "Pastor Russell," the preacher of the Millennial Dawn, is commented upon in the *Christian Advocate*, a Methodist organ. The paper believes that probably the greatest proportion of his following was drawn from the Methodist Church. His Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society flooded the land with literature and won for him a number of adherents who were known as "The International Bible Students' Association."

Their leader, who made the highest claims to scholarship, lacked even a college education. Though he used the title of "pastor," he was never ordained by any religious body. He is said to have accumulated a fortune in the peculiar business in which he was engaged: namely, relieving people of their uncomfortable beliefs regarding the future life.

"Pastor" Russell ought to have held a chair of advertising. His mastery of the arts of publicity made him one of the best known men in America. Charlatan as he was, a parasite on Christianity, a perverter of truth, and a maligner of the Church, he floated to notoriety and possibly wealth, on a tide of printer's ink. Comparatively few knew him by sight, or had ever heard his voice; but his name, his likeness, his "syndicated" sermons were thrust under everybody's eye. No nostrum or its concocter was so intrusively advertised. The secret of this triumph of religious quackery, apart from his publicity bureau, is traceable to the willingness of people to give a hearing to men who prophesy pleasant things. This man's theology was untenable, judged by reasoning, or by the Scriptures to which he so shrewdly resorted for confirmation. It was a patchwork of notions based on isolated and wrested passages. But it appealed to weak and worldly humanity by roseate promises of future probation or oblivion. They listened to his words, read his books, and even bought his "miracle wheat."

After reflecting upon the thirst for religious novelty and the eagerness of men to escape unpleasant truths, the writer properly calls attention to the one lesson which this wasted life can teach us: the immense influence of the press for good or evil, particularly in the religious field. "In the matter of tracts, leaflets, books, and periodicals, the followers of Pastor Russell, like the followers of Mother Eddy and of Joseph Smith, are using with commendable efficiency that agency of popular religious literature in which the followers of John Wesley should never allow themselves to be outdone."